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THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

A FAMILY PAPER,

Devoted to News, Literature, &c.

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☞ For particulars, see second page. ☜

MY PEACE.*

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Here in this haunted corner, where
First falls the light of each new morrow,
A sculptured face, of beauty rare,
Immutable, and still, and fair,
Pillowed upon its billowy hair,
Still keeps its sorrow.

I go and come;—I wake and sleep;
I weep and laugh—exult and languish—
But still the lashes downward sweep—
And though the closed eyes do not weep,
The lips, with painful pressure, keep
Their silent anguish.

And as in evening solitude
I smile or sigh, as musing moves me,
This type of constant womanhood,
This eloquent, pale similitude
Of suffering, shames my changing mood—
Its truth reproves me.

My sorrows seem but small and brief,—
Soon softened into vague regretting;
I find a balm in every leaf—
Build ships on every wreck-strewn reef—
Then blush before this marble Grief,
Still unforgetting!

In time, all other loves grow old—
All other hearts some solace borrow—
The velvet leaves of spring unfold—
The autumn beards the grain with gold—
But my pale Peace, yet unconsoled,
Still keeps her sorrow!

*The face herein referred to, is an exquisite bas-relief of "The Drowned Girl," in "The Bridge of Sighs"—one of Akers' earlier productions.

THE ALLEN HOUSE;

or,

TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

The rain had poured in torrents all day, and now, for the third time since morning, I came home, wet, uncomfortable and weary. I half dreaded to look at the slate, lest some urgent call should stare me in the face.

"It must indeed be a case of life and death, that takes me out again to-night," said I, as my good wife met me in the entry, and with light hands, made active by love, assisted in the removal of my great coat and comforter.

"Now come into the sitting-room," she said, "your slippers are on the rug, and your dressing-gown warmed and waiting. Tea is ready, and will be on the table by the time you feel a little comfortable. What a dreadful day it has been!"

"Dreadful for those who have been compelled to face the storm," I remarked, as I drew off my boots, and proceeded to take advantage of all the pleasant arrangements my thoughtful wife had ready for my solace and delight.

It was on my lip to inquire if any one had called since I went out, but the ringing of the tea-bell sent my thought in a new direction; when, with my second self leaning on an arm, and my little Aggy holding tightly by my hand, I moved on to the dining-room, all the disagreeable things of the day forgotten.

"Has any one been here?" I asked, as I handed my cup for a third replenishing. Professional habit was too strong—the query would intrude itself.

"Mrs. Wallingford called to see you."

"Ah! Is anybody sick?"

"I believe so—but she evaded my inquiry, and said that she wished to speak a word with the Doctor."

"She don't want me to call over to-night, I hope. Did she leave any word?"

"No. She looked troubled in her mind, I thought."

"No other call?"

"Yes. Mary Jones sent word that something was the matter with the baby. It cried nearly all last night, her little boy said, and to-day has fever, and lies in a kind of stupor."

"That case must be seen to," I remarked, speaking to myself.

"You might let it go over until morning," suggested my wife. "At any rate, I would let them send again before going. The child may be better by this time."

"A call in time may save life here, Constance," I made answer; the sense of duty growing stronger as inner and outer man felt the renovating effects of a good supper, and the brightness and warmth of my pleasant home. "And life, you know, is a precious thing—even a baby's life."

And I turned a meaning glance upon the calm, sweet face of our latest born, as she lay sleeping in her cradle. That was enough. I saw the tears spring instantly to the eyes of my wife.

"I have not a word to say. God forbid, that in the weakness of love and care for you, dear husband, I should draw you aside from duty. Yes—yes! The life of a baby is indeed a precious thing!"

And bending over the cradle, she left a kiss on the lips, and a tear on the pure brow of our darling. Now was I doubly strengthened for the night. There arose at this instant a wild storm-wail, that shrieked for a brief time amid the chimnies, and around the eaves of our dwelling, and then went moaning away, sadly, dying at last in the far distance. The rain beat heavily against the windows. But I did not waver, nor seek for reasons to warrant a neglect of duty. "I must see Mary Jones's baby, and that to-night." I said this to myself, resolutely, by way of answer to the intimidating storm.

Mrs. Jones was a widow, and poor. She lived full a quarter of a mile away. So in deciding to make the visit that night, I hardly think a very strong element of self-interest was included in the motives that governed me. But that is irrelevant.

"As there is no prospect of an abatement in the storm," said I, after returning to our cosy little sitting-room, "it may be as well for me to see the baby at once. The visit will be over, so far as I am concerned, and precious time may be gained for the patient."

"I will tell Joseph to bring around the horse," said his wife.

"No—I will walk. Poor beast! He has done enough for one day, and shall not be taken out again."

"Horse-flesh is not so precious as man-flesh." Constance smiled entreatingly, as she laid her hand upon my shoulder. "Let Tom be harnessed up; it won't hurt him."

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast," I made answer. "If horse-flesh is cheaper than man-flesh, like most cheap articles, it is less enduring. Tom must rest, if his master cannot."

"The decision is final, I suppose."

"I must say yes."

"I hardly think your great coat is dry yet," said my wife. "I had it hung before the kitchen fire. Let me see."

"You must wait for ten or fifteen minutes longer," she remarked, on returning from the kitchen. "One sleeve was completely wetted through, and I have turned it in order to get the lining dry."

I sat down and took Agnes on my lap, and was just getting into a pleasant talk with her, when the door-bell rung. A shadow fell across my wife's face.

"People are thoughtless of Doctors," she remarked, a little fretfully, "and often choose the worst weather and the most untimely seasons to send for them."

I did not answer, but listened as the boy went to the door. Some one was admitted, and shown into the office.

"Who is it?" I inquired, as Joseph came to the sitting-room.

"Mrs. Wallingford."

My wife and I exchanged glances. She looking grave and curious; but no remark was made.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Wallingford," said I, on entering my office. "This is a very bad night for a lady to come out. I hope no one is seriously ill."

"I wish you would come over and see our Henry, Doctor!"

There was a choking tremor in her voice; and, as I looked in her face, I saw that it was pale and distressed.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"I can't say what it is, Doctor. Something's wrong, I'm afraid—yes, I'm afraid he's going out of his senses."

And she wrung her hands together with a nervous uneasiness in singular contrast with her usual quiet exterior.

"How is he affected?"

"Well, Doctor, he came home last evening looking as white as a sheet. I almost screamed out when I saw the strange, suffering expression on his colorless face. My first thought was that he had fallen somewhere, and been hurt dreadfully. He tried to pass me without stopping, but I put both hands on him, and said—'Oh, Henry! what does ail you?' 'Nothing of any account,' he answered, in a low, husky tone—'I don't feel right well, and am going to my room to lie down.' And saying this, he brushed right past me, and went up stairs. I followed after him, but when I tried his door it was fastened on the inside. I called three times before he answered, and then he said—'Mother, I'm not sick; but I feel bad, and wan't to be alone. Please don't disturb me to-night.' I don't think I would have known the voice if it hadn't been just then and there. Knowing his disposition, anxious and troubled as I was, I felt that it would be best for the time-being to let him alone. And I did so. For an hour or more all in his room was as still as death, and I began to grow very uneasy. Then I heard his feet upon the floor moving about. I heard him walk to his bureau—my ears served me for eyes—then to the mantlepiece, and then to the window. All was still again for some minutes. My heart beat like a hammer, as one vague suggestion after another floated through my mind. Then he crossed the room with a slow step; turned and went back again; and so kept on walking to and fro. I listened, waiting for the sound to cease; but he walked on and on, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, tramp, tramp, tramp, until it seemed as if every jarring footfall was on my heart. Oh, Doctor, I never had anything to affect me so before in my whole life. An hour passed, and still he walked the floor of his room. I could bear it no longer, and went and called to him. But he seemed deaf, and made no reply. I rattled at the lock and called again and again. Then he came close to the door, and said, speaking a little impatiently for him—'Mother! Mother! For Heaven's sake don't trouble me! I don't feel just right, and you must let me alone for the present.'

"Well, he kept on walking for an hour longer, and then everything was still in his room for the night. This morning on trying his door it was unfastened. I went in. He was lying in bed wide awake. But, oh! such a change as I saw in his face. It was colorless as on the evening before; but less expressive of emotion. A dead calm seemed to have settled upon it. I took his hand; it was cold. I pressed his forehead; it was cold also. 'Henry, my son, how are you?' I asked. He did not reply; but looked in my face with a cold, steady gaze that chilled me. 'Are you sick, my son?' He merely shook his head slowly. 'Has anything happened? What has happened?' I pressed my questions upon him; but it was of no use. He would not satisfy me. I then asked if he would not rise. 'Not yet,' he said. 'Shall I bring you some breakfast?' 'No—no—I cannot eat.' And he shook his head and shut his eyes, while there came into his face a look so sad and suffering that as I gazed on him I could not keep the tears back.

"And it has been no better with him all the day, Doctor," added Mrs. Wallingford, heaving a long sigh. "Oh, I am distressed to death about it. Won't you come and see him? I'm afraid if something isn't done that he will lose his senses."

"Have you no conjecture as to the cause of this strange condition of mind?" I asked.

"None," she replied. "Henry is a reserved young man, you know, Doctor; and keeps many things hidden in his mind even from me that should be outspoken."

"Has he no love affair on hand?"

"I think not."

"Hasn't he been paying attention to Squire Floyd's daughter?"

"Delia?"

"Yes."

"I believe not, Doctor."

"I've seen him at the Squire's."

"Nothing serious or I should have known of it. Henry is rather shy about the girls."

"And you wish me to see him to-night?"

"Yes. Something ought to be done."

"What is his condition just now?" I inquired. "How did you leave him?"

"He's been in bed nearly all day, and hasn't touched a mouthful. To all my persuasions and entreaties he answers—'Please, mother, let me alone. I will be better after awhile.'"

"I think," said I, after musing on the case, "that, may be, the let-alone prescription will be the best one for the present. He is prostrated by some strong mental emotion—that seems clear; and time must be given for the mind to regain its equipoise. If I were to call, as you desire, it might annoy or irritate him, and so do more harm than good. No medicine that I can give is at all likely to reach his case."

Mrs. Wallingford looked disappointed, and demurred strongly to my conclusion.

"I'm sure, Doctor, if you saw him you might suggest something. Or, may be, he would open his mind to you."

"I'll think it over," said I. "Mrs. Jones has sent for me to see her baby to-night. I was just about starting when you called. On my way back, if, on reflection, it seems to me advisable, I will drop in at your house."

"Call at any rate, Doctor," urged Mrs. Wallingford. "Even if you don't see Henry, you may be able to advise me as to what I had better do."

I gave my promise, and the troubled mother went back through storm and darkness to her home. By this time my overcoat was thoroughly dried. As Constance brought it forth warm from the fire, she looked into my face with an expression of inquiry. But, I was not ready to speak in regard to Mrs. Wallingford, and, perceiving this at a glance, she kept silence on that subject.

As I opened the front door, the storm swept into my face; but I passed out quickly into the night, and shielding myself with an umbrella, as best I could, bent to the rushing wind, and took my solitary way in the direction of Mrs. Jones's humble dwelling, which lay quite upon the outskirts of our town. To reach my destination, I had to pass the old Allen House, which stood within a high stone enclosure, surrounded by stately elms a century old, which spread their great arms above and around the decaying mansion, as if to ward off the encroachments of time. As I came opposite the gate opening upon the carriage way, I stopped suddenly in surprise, for light streamed out from both windows of the north-west chamber, which I knew had been closed ever since the death of Captain Allen, who passed to his account several years before.

This Allen House was one of the notable places in our town; and the stories in circulation touching the Allen family, now almost extinct, were so strongly tinctured with romance, that sober-minded people generally received them with a large measure of incredulity.

The spacious old two-story mansion, with its high-pitched roof and rows of dormer windows, was built by the father of Captain Allen, who had also followed the sea, and it was said, obtained his large wealth through means not sanctioned by laws human or divine. Men and women of the past generation, and therefore contemporaries, did not hesitate to designate him as an "old pirate," though always the opprobrious words were spoken in an undertone, for people were half afraid of the dark, reserved, evil-looking man, who had evidently passed a large portion of his life among scenes of peril and violence. There were more pleasing traditions of the beautiful wife he brought home to grace the luxurious dwelling he had fitted up in a style of almost princely splendor, compared with the plain abode of even the best off people in town. Who she was, or from whence she came, no one knew certainly. She was very young—almost a child—when the elder Captain Allen brought her to S———.

Very little intercourse, I believe, passed between the Allen family and the town's-people, except in a business way. The first regular entry made into the house beyond the formal drawing room, was on the occasion of a birth, when the best nurse and gossip in town was summoned to attend the young mistress. A son was born. He was called John; though not under the sign of Christian baptism—John Allen; afterwards Captain Allen. The old sea-dog, his father, was absent at the time; but returned before the infant was four weeks old. The nurse described the meeting of husband and wife as very lover-like and tender, on his part, but with scarcely a sign of feeling on hers. She did not repel him, nor turn from him; but received his caresses with the manner of one in whom all quick emotion had died. And so it continued between them—he thoughtful and assiduous, and she cold, and for the most part silent. But, to her babe, the young mother was passionate at times in her loving demonstrations. The pent up waters of feeling gave way in this direction, and poured themselves out, often, in a rushing flood. Towards all others, she bore herself with a calm, sweet dignity of manner, that captivated the heart, and made it sigh for a better acquaintance with one around whom mystery had hung a veil that no hand but her own could push aside—and that hand was never lifted.

The next event in the Allen House, noted by the people, was the birth of a daughter. The same nurse was called in, who remained the usual time, and then retired, bearing with her a history of the period, which she related, very confidentially, at tea-tables, and in familiar gossip with choice spirits of her own. Those who knew her best, were always something in doubt as to which of her stories contained truth and which romance. The latter element, mingled largely, it is presumed, in all of them.

A great change had taken place in the Captain's manner. He no longer played the lover to a cold and distant mistress, but carried himself haughtily at times—captiously at times—and always with an air of indifference. All affection seemed transferred to his boy, who was growing self-willed, passionate, and daring. These qualities were never repressed by his father, but rather encouraged and strengthened. On learning that his next heir was a daughter, he expressed impatience, and muttered something about its being strangled at birth. The nurse said that he never deigned even to look at it while she was in the house.

The beautiful young wife showed signs of change, also. Much of the old sweetness had left her mouth, which was calmer and graver. Her manner towards Captain Allen, noted before, was of the same quiet, distant character, but more strongly marked. It was plain that she had no love for him. The great mystery was, how two so wholly unlike in all internal qualities, and external seeming, could ever have been constrained into the relationship of man and wife. She was, evidently, an English woman. This was seen in her rich complexion, sweet blue eyes, fair hair, and quiet dignity of manner. Among the many probable and improbable rumors as to her first meeting with Captain Allen, this one had currency. A sailor, who had seen a good deal of service in the West Indies, told the following story.

An English vessel from Jamaica, richly freighted, had on board a merchant with his family, returning from a residence of a few years on the island, to the mother country.

They had been out only a day, when a pirate bore down upon them, and made an easy capture of the ship. The usual bloody scenes of that day followed. Death, in terrible forms, met the passengers and crew, and the vessel, after being robbed of its costliest treasures, was scuttled and sent down into the far depths of the ocean, from whence no sign could ever come.

But one living soul was spared—so the story went. An only child of the English merchant, a fair and beautiful young girl, whose years had compassed only the early spring-time of life, flung herself upon her knees before the pirate Captain and begged so piteously for life, that he spared her from the general slaughter he had himself decreed. Something in her pure, exquisitely beautiful face, touched his compassion. There were murmurs of discontent among his savage crew. But the strong-willed Captain had his way, and when he sailed back with his booty to their place of rendezvous, he bore with him the beautiful maiden. Here, it was said, he gave her honorable protection, and had her cared for as tenderly as was possible under the circumstances. And it was further related, that, when the maiden grew to ripe womanhood, he abandoned the trade of a buccaneer and made her his wife. The sailor told this story, shrugged his shoulders, looked knowing and mysterious, and left his auditors to draw what inference they pleased. As they had been talking of Captain Allen, the listeners made their own conclusions as to his identity with the buccaneer. True to human nature, in its inclination to believe always the worst of a man, nine out of ten credited the story as applied to the out-throat looking captain, and so, after this, it was no unusual thing to hear him designated by the not very flattering sobriquet, of the "old pirate."

Later events, still more inexplicable in their character, and yet unexplained, gave color to this story, and invested it with the elements of probability. As related, the old gossip's second intrusion upon the Allens, in the capacity of nurse, furnished the town's-people with a few additional facts, as to the state of things inside of a dwelling, upon whose very walls seemed written mystery. In the beginning, Mrs. Allen had made a few acquaintances, who were charmed with her character, as far as she let herself be known. Visits were made and returned for a short season. But after the birth of her first child, she went abroad but rarely, and ceasing to return all visits, social intercourse came to an end. The old nurse insisted that this was not her fault, but wholly chargeable upon the Captain, who, she was certain, had forbidden his wife to have anything to do with the town's-people.

CHAPTER II.

One day, nearly two years after the birth of this second child, the quiet town of S——— was aroused from its dreams by a strange and startling event. About a week before, a handsomely dressed man, with the air of a foreigner, alighted from the stage coach at the "White Swan," and asked if he could have a room. A traveller of such apparent distinction, was a rare event in S———. And as he suggested the probable stay of a week or so, he became an object of immediate attention, as well as curiosity.

Night had closed in when he arrived, and as he was fatigued by his journey in the old lumbering stage-coach that ran between the nearest sea-port town and S———, he did not show himself again that evening to the curious people who were to be found idling about the "White Swan." But he had a talk with the landlord. That functionary waited upon him to know his pleasure as to supper.

"The ride has given me a headache," the stranger said, "which a cup of tea will probably remove. Beyond that, I will take nothing to-night. Your name is—"

"Adams, sir. Adams is my name," replied the landlord.

"And mine is Willoughby—Col. Willoughby." And the Englishman bowed with a slight air of condescension.

"I am at your service, Col. Willoughby," said the landlord, in his blunt way. "Just say what you want, and the thing is done."

"A cup of tea will serve me to-night, my friend. Let it be good and strong; for my head is a little unsettled with this throbbing pain. That stage coach of yours would be something better for a pair of new springs."

"It's seen service, and no mistake. But people in these parts don't calculate much on easy riding. Springs are no great account. We look to the main chance."

"What is that?"

"Getting over the ground."

The traveller smiled to himself in a quiet way, as if the landlord's answer had touched some memory or experience.

Nothing further being remarked, Mr. Adams retired to order a cup of tea for his guest. Something about the Englishman had stimulated his curiosity; and, so, instead of sending the cup of tea by his wife, who did most of the waiting, he carried it to the room himself.

"Sit down, Mr. Adams," said the traveller, after the tea had been put before him.

The landlord did not wait for a second invitation.

"I hope the tea is to your liking, sir."

"Excellent. I've not tasted better since I left London."

The traveller spoke blandly, as he held his cup a little way from his lips, and looked over the top of it at his host with something more than a casual glance. He was reading his face with an evident effort to gain from it, as an index, some clear impression of his character.

"My wife understands her business," replied the flattered landlord. "There is not her equal in all the country round."

"I can believe you, Mr. Adams. Already this delicious beverage has acted like a charmed potion. My headache has left me as if by magic."

He set his cup down; moved his chair a little way from the table at which he was sitting, and threw a pleasant look upon the landlord.

"How long have you been in this town, Mr. Adams?" The question seemed indifferently asked; but the landlord's ear did not fail to perceive in the tone in which it was given, a foreshadowing of much beyond.

"I was born here," he replied.

"Ah! Then you know all the people, I imagine?"

"I know all their faces, at least."

"And their histories and characters?"

"Perhaps."

Something in this "perhaps," and the tone in which it was uttered, seemed not to strike the questioner agreeably. He bent his brows a little, and looked more narrowly at the landlord.

"I did not see much of your town as I came in this evening. How large is it?"

"Middling good size, sir, for an inland town," was the not very satisfactory answer.

"What is the population?"

"Well, I don't know—can't just say to a certainty."

"Two thousand?"

"Laws, no sir! Not over one, if that."

"About a thousand, then?"

"Maybe a thousand, and maybe not more than six or seven hundred."

"Call it seven hundred, then," said the traveller, evidently a little amused.

"And that will, in my view, be calling it enough."

There was a pause. The traveller seemed in doubt as to whether he should go on with his queries.

"Not much trade here, I presume?" He asked, at length.

"Not much to boast of," said Adams.

Another pause.

"Any well-to-do people? Gentlemen who live on their means?"

"Yes; there's Aaron Thompson. He's rich, I guess. But you can't measure a snake 'till he's dead, as they say."

"True," said the traveller, seeming to fall into the landlord's mood. "Executors often change the public estimate of a man as to this world's goods. So, Aaron Thompson is one of your rich men?"

"Yes. And there's Abel Reeder—a close-fisted old dog, but wealthy as a Jew, and no mistake. Then there is Captain Allen."

A flash of interest went over the stranger's face, which was turned at once from the light.

"Captain Allen? And what of him?" The voice was pitched to a lower tone; but there was no appearance of special curiosity.

"A great deal of him." The landlord put on a knowing look.

"Is he a sea captain?"

"Yes;" and lowering his voice, "something else, besides, if we are to credit people who pretend to know."

"Ah! But you speak in riddles, Mr. Adams. What do you mean by something more?"

"Why, the fact is, Mr. Willoughby, they do say, that he got his money, in a backhanded sort of a fashion."

"By gambling?"

"No, sir! By piracy!"

Col. Willoughby gave a real or affected start.

"A grave charge, that, sir." He looked steadily at the landlord. "And one that should not be lightly made."

"I only report the common talk."

"If such talk should reach the ears of Captain Allen?" suggested the stranger.

"No great likelihood of its doing so, for, I reckon there's no man in S——— bold enough to say 'pirate' to his face."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"A bad specimen in every way!"

"He's no favorite of yours, I see?"

"I have no personal cause of dislike. We never had many words together," said the landlord. "But he's a man that you want to get as far away from as possible. There are men, you know, who kind of draw you towards them, as if they were made of loadstone; and others that seem to push you off. Captain Allen is one of the latter kind."

"What sort of a looking man is he?"

"Short; thick-set; heavily built, as to body. A full, coarse face; dark leathery skin; and eyes that are a match for the Evil One's. There is a deep scar across his left forehead, running past the outer corner of his eye, and ending against the cheek bone. The lower lid of this eye is drawn down, and the inside turned out, showing its deep red lining. There is another scar on his chin. Two fingers are gone from his left hand, and his right hand has suffered violence."

"He has evidently seen hard service," remarked the stranger, and in a voice that showed him to be expressing, as best he could, all signs of interest in the landlord's communication.

"There's no mistake about that; and if you could only see him, my word for it, you would fall into the common belief that blood lies upon his conscience."

"I shall certainly put myself in the way of seeing him, after the spur you have just given to my curiosity," said Colonel Willoughby, in a decided manner, as if he had an interest in the man beyond what the landlord's communication had excited.

"Then you will have to remain here something more than a week, I'm thinking," replied the landlord.

"Why so?"

"Captain Allen isn't at home."

There was a sudden change in the stranger's face that did not escape the landlord's notice. But, whether it indicated pleasure or disappointment, he could not tell; for it was at best a very equivocal expression.

"Not at home!" His voice indicated surprise.

"No, sir."

"How long has he been absent?"

"About a month."

"And is expected to return soon, no doubt?"

"As to that, I can't say. Few people in this town, I apprehend, can speak with certainty as to the going and coming of Captain Allen."

"Is he often away?"

"No, sir; but, oftener of late than formerly."

"Is his absence usually of a prolonged character?"

"It is much longer than it used to be—never less than a month, and often extended to three times that period."

Colonel Willoughby sat without further remark for some time, his eyes bent down, his brows contracted by thought, and his lips firmly drawn together.

"Thank you, my friend," he said, at length, looking up, "for your patience in answering my idle questions. I will not detain you any longer."

The landlord arose, and, bowing to his guest, retired from the apartment.

CHAPTER III.

On the next morning Colonel Willoughby plied the landlord with a few more questions about Captain Allen, and then, inquiring the direction of his house, started out, as he said, to take a ramble through the town. He did not come back until near dinner time, and then he showed no disposition to encourage familiarity on the part of Mr. Adams. But that individual was not in the dark touching the morning whereabouts of his friend. A familiar of his, stimulated by certain good things which the landlord knew when and how to dispense, had tracked the stranger from the "White Swan" to Captain Allen's house. After walking around it, on the outside of the enclosure once or twice, and viewing it on all sides, he had ventured, at last, through the gate, and up to the front door of the stately mansion. A servant admitted him, and the landlord's familiar loitered around for nearly three hours before he came out. Mrs. Allen accompanied him to the door, and stood and talked with him earnestly for some time in the portico. They shook hands in parting, and Colonel Willoughby retired with a firm, slow step, and his eyes bent downwards as if his thoughts were sober, if not oppressive.

All this Mr. Adams knew; and, of course, his curiosity was pitched to a high key. But, it was all in vain that he threw himself in the way of his guest, made leading remarks, and even asked if he had seen the splendid dwelling of Captain Allen. The handsome stranger held him firmly at a distance. And not only on that day and evening, but on the next day and the next. He was polite even to blandness, but suffered no approach beyond the simplest formal intercourse. Every morning he was seen going to Captain Allen's house, where he always stayed several hours. The afternoons he spent, for the most part, in his own room.

All this soon became noised throughout the town of S———, and there was a little world of excitement, and all manner of conjectures as to who this Colonel Willoughby might be. The old nurse, of whom mention has been made, presuming upon her professional acquaintance with Mrs. Allen, took the liberty of calling in one afternoon, when, to her certain knowledge, the stranger was in the house. She was, however, disappointed in seeing him. The servant, who admitted her, showed her into a small reception-room on the opposite side of the hall from the main parlor, and here Mrs. Allen met her. She was "very sweet to her"—to use her own words—sweet, and kind, and gentle as ever. But she looked paler than usual, and did not seem to be at ease.

The nurse reported that something was going wrong; but, as to its exact nature, she was in the dark. It certainly didn't look right for Mrs. Allen to be receiving, daily, the visits of an elegant looking stranger, and her husband away. There was only one opinion on this head.

And so it went on from day to day for nearly a week—Colonel Willoughby, as he had called himself, spending the greater part of every morning with Mrs. Allen, and hiding himself from curious eyes, during the afternoons, in his room at the "White Swan." Then came the denouement to this exciting little drama.

One day the stranger, after dining, asked Mr. Adams for his bill, which he paid in British gold. He then gave directions to have a small trunk, the only baggage he had with him, sent to the house of Captain Allen.

The landlord raised his eyebrows, of course; looked very much surprised; and even ventured a curious question. But the stranger repelled all inquisition touching his movements. And so he left the "White Swan," after sojourning there for nearly a week, and the landlord never saw him again.

The news which came on the following day, created no little sensation in S———. Jacob Perkins, who lived near Captain Allen's, and often worked for him, told the story. His relation was to this effect: About ten o'clock at night, Mrs. Allen sent for him, and he waited on her accordingly. He found her dressed as for a journey, but alone.

"Take a seat, Jacob," she said. "I wish to have some talk with you." The man noticed something unusual in her voice and manner.

"Jacob," she resumed, after a pause, bending towards Mr. Perkins, "can I trust you in a matter requiring both service and secrecy? I have done some kind things for you and yours; I now wish you to return the favor."

As she spoke, she drew out a purse, and let him see something of its golden contents.

"Say on, Mrs. Allen. You may trust me. If you ask anything short of a crime, it shall be done. Yes, you have been kind to me and mine, and now I will repay you, if in my power to do so."

Jacob Perkins was in earnest. But, whether gratitude, or that apparition of golden sovereigns, had most influence upon him, cannot at this remote period be said.

"Can you get a pair of horses and a carriage, or light wagon, to-night?"

"I can," replied Jacob.

"And so as not to excite undue curiosity?"

"I think so."

"Very well. Next, will you drive that team all night?"

And Mrs. Allen played with the purse of gold, and let the coins it contained strike each other with a musical chink, very pleasant to the ear of Jacob Perkins.

"You shall be paid handsomely for your trouble," added the lady, as she fixed her beautiful blue eyes upon Jacob with an earnest, almost pleading, look.

"I hope there is nothing wrong," said Jacob, as some troublesome suspicions began turning themselves over in his mind.

"Nothing wrong, as God is my witness!" And Mrs. Allen lifted her pale face reverently upwards.

"Forgive me, madam! I might have known that," said Jacob. "And now, if you will give me your orders, they shall be obeyed to the letter."

"Thank you, my kind friend," returned Mrs. Allen. "The service you are now about to render me, cannot be estimated in the usual way. To me, it will be far beyond all price."

She was agitated, and paused to recover herself. Then she resumed with her usual calmness of manner.

"Bring the carriage here—driving with as little noise as possible—in half an hour. Be very discreet. Don't mention the matter even to your wife. You can talk with her as freely as you choose on your return from Boston."

"From Boston? Why that is thirty miles away, at least!"

"I know it, Jacob, but I must be in Boston early to-morrow morning. You know the road?"

"Every foot of it."

"So much the better. And now go for the carriage."

Jacob Perkins arose. As he was turning to go, Mrs. Allen placed her hand upon his shoulder, and said,

"I can trust you, Mr. Perkins?"

"Madam, you can," was his reply; and he passed from the quiet house, into the darkness without. The night was moonless, but the stars shone down from an unclouded sky. When Jacob Perkins found himself alone, and began to look this adventure full in the face, some unpleasant doubts touching the part he was about to play, intruded themselves upon his thoughts. He had seen the handsome stranger going daily to visit Mrs. Allen, for now nearly a week; and had listened to the town talk touching the matter, until his own mind was filled with the common idea, that something was wrong. And now, to be called on to drive Mrs. Allen to Boston, secretly, and under cover of the night, seemed so much like becoming a party to some act of folly or crime, that he gave way to hesitation, and began to seek for reasons that would justify his playing the lady false. Then came up the image of her sweet reverent face, as she said so earnestly—"Nothing wrong, as God is my witness!"—and his first purpose was restored.

Punctually, at half past ten o'clock, the team of Jacob Perkins drove noiselessly in through the gate, and up the carriage way to the door of the Allen mansion. No lights were visible in any part of the house. Under the portico, were two figures, a man and a woman—the man holding something in his arms, which, on a closer observation, Jacob saw to be a child. Two large trunks and a small one stood near.

"Put them on the carriage," said Mrs. Allen, in a low, steady voice; and Jacob obeyed in silence. When all was ready, she got in, and the man handed her the sleeping child, and then took his place beside her.

"To Boston, remember, Jacob; and make the time as short as possible."

No other words were spoken. Jacob led his horses down the carriage way to the gate, which he closed carefully, after passing through, and then mounting to his seat, drove off rapidly.

But little conversation took place between Mrs. Allen and her travelling companion; and that was in so low a tone of voice, that Jacob Perkins failed to catch a single word, though he bent his ear and listened with the closest attention, whenever he heard a murmur of voices.

It was after daylight when they arrived in Boston, where Jacob Perkins left them, and returned home with all speed, to wake up the town of S——— with a report of his strange adventure. Before parting with Mrs. Allen, she gave him a purse, which, on examination, was found to contain a hundred dollars in gold. She also placed in his hand a small gold locket, and said, impressively, while her almost colorless lips quivered, and her bosom struggled with its pent up feelings,

"Jacob, when my son—he is now absent with his father—reaches his tenth year, give him this, and say that it is a gift from his mother, and contains a lock of her hair. Can I trust you faithfully to perform this office of love?"

Tears filled her eyes; then her breast heaved with a great sob.

"As Heaven is my witness, madam," answered Jacob Perkins, "it shall be done."

"Remember," she said, "that you are only to give this to John, and not until his tenth year. Keep my gift sacred from the knowledge of every one until that time, and then let the communication be to him alone."

Jacob Perkins promised to do according to her wishes, and then left her looking so pale, sad, and miserable, that to use his own words, he never could recall her image as she stood looking, not at him, but past him, as if trying to explore the future, without thinking of some marble statue in a grave-yard.

She was never seen in S——— again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE USE OF ALISMA PLANTAGO IN EPILEPSY.—E. Baines, Esq., M. R. C. S., in the London Lancet, reports the following case: William, the son of Sergeant T——, of the Middlesex Rifles, a boy of eight years, has been subject to epileptic fits, from a few months after birth. They have increased in frequency and intensity; his mother says that "they average six in a fortnight"—frequent eructations, generally followed by vomiting. Much attention, medical advice and expense have been lavished on this case, without benefit. He was ordered to take *four grains of the powder of water plantain*, twice a day, and increase the dose a grain every third day. Eighth day, a slight fit: fourteenth day, an ordinary fit—vomiting has ceased. Forty-eighth day, a fit of short duration. The intervals between the fits have *extended to seventy-seven days*. The apparent controlling power of the Alisma Plantago in so little tractable a disease, warrants more extensive trial. The powder is palatable, of a light brown color, and, when fresh has somewhat the color of cocoa.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1859.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

Two Copies,		$3,00 a-year.
Four	"	$5,00 "
Eight	" (and one to getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
Thirteen	" (and one to getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
Twenty	" (and one to getter up of Club,)	20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 139 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE COMING YEAR.

We call the attention of our readers, and the public at large, to our Prospectus for the coming year, on the last column of this page. We may state here, that our facilities for obtaining the best literary articles of all kinds, from writers of the very highest reputation, were never greater than they are at present.

Our engagement of that NEW STAR in the literary firmament—the AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c.—will be a promise of many good things to our readers. This brilliant and powerful writer *will contribute to no other American periodical*. The novelet of "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," already in hand for the new year,—AND WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POST—will be considered, we have little doubt, the very finest of her productions. Its interest, after the first chapter or two, is absorbing—and so continues to the very close.

A number of other original stories from our splendid list of contributors, are already in hand and engaged, and will appear in due season;—and the readers of THE POST, from this week's number to the close of another year, may expect a succession of literary treats. Our only difficulty—it seems to us at present—will be to crowd into our paper the rich materials at our command.

——In the present number we commence two new stories. "THE ALLEN HOUSE," by that popular writer, Mr. T. S. ARTHUR, opens very finely; while of "POMMEROY ABBEY" it is enough to say, that it is by the author of "The Red Court Farm." New subscribers would do well to commence their subscriptions with the present number, instead of waiting for the opening of the new year.

As an inducement to subscribers, we offer in our Prospectus, as premiums, HAMILTON'S large and handsome VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS, two *steel engravings*, published by Mr. John M. Butler. We also club with "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE"—an excellent and popular monthly—at a very liberal price. In fact, both for the excellence of its contents, and the cheapness of its terms, we do not mean THE POST to be surpassed.

CRICKET.

As was expected in the beginning, the recent Cricket match in this city, was won by the famous English Eleven. The American Twenty-Two made 94 on their First Innings, and 60 on their second; making 154 in all, or six more than the Canadians made, and 62 more than were made at New York. The English made 126 in their First Innings, and, after they had made the requisite 29 in their Second Innings, ceased playing, having seven wickets to spare.

We were mistaken last week, in saying that the players on the American side in this city, were all natives of the country—of the 22 only 10 were natives. The comparative play of these was as follows:—

10 Americans made	82
12 adopted citizens	66
In favor of Americans	16

This, however, proves very little, except that there is no doubt that the game can be successfully transplanted in this country, so far as native born ability is concerned. In the three hours during which we were on the field, we saw enough to convince us that although chance does not, strictly speaking, enter into the game of Cricket, a very large element of uncertainty does. For instance, Hayward, of the English players, made the best score, 34, on their First Innings—and yet, when he came in, the first man, on the Second Innings, and the field was alive to see what he would do, he was caught before he had made a single run, and retired amid a perfect storm of applause and laughter. Lockyer also, who made 30 on the English First Innings, only made 9 on the Second, before he too was forced to retire amid a similar storm—for he had been, as wicket keeper, a continual thorn in the side of the American batters, and was "stumped" himself, by Barclay, as he had "stumped" so many others. These were but two instances among many of the same kind.

It will be perceived that the Americans did not do so well on the Second as on their First Innings. The English did not play out their Second game, but the indications were that they also would have fallen behind their previous score. We suppose that one reason of this falling off was, that the parties became better accustomed to each other's peculiarities, and more able to guard against them, as the play progressed.

There was, we think, one marked difference between the two sets of players,—the greater recklessness of the Americans in their runs. The English were generally satisfied with making one safe run, and would not so often risk being put out by the attempt to make another. The cautious game, in Cricket, though not so dashing and so interesting to the spectators, is, we should think, much the wiser. But young blood is hot blood, and the American players were not only much younger to the game, but much younger in years—one of them being, judging by his appearance, a boy of about sixteen, and many of the others young men of eighteen to twenty-five.

The game of Cricket, it seems to us, is rather too deliberate a one to be entirely in unison with the disposition to unceasing activity of our people. Half of the time, only two individuals of one of the sides—the one which is having its Innings—are employed at all; and each of these merely bats four balls, and then the other plays, and so on alternately. Of the other side, the two bowlers, and the two wicket-keepers, have a pretty fair amount of exercise; while the rest, who are fielders, may stand, the most of them, with nothing to do for some time. The amount of exercise, therefore, is not necessarily very great, though it is very good, what there is of it—which is scarcely enough, we should think, to keep one warm on one of the cold days of our American winters. Its advantages are the ensuring of reasonable exercise, and plenty of fresh air—besides cultivating the eye and hand to quickness and accuracy.

Perhaps, too, the very deficiency in Cricket of long continued and violent exercise, should be a reason for its adoption as the popular game of the country. We Americans are apt to carry our unceasing activity too much into our sports and recreations—and thus defeat that relaxation of the mind, which is one of the principal objects to be gained by them. Some of our young men, we fear, are wearing themselves away to mere skeletons of bone and muscle, by their assiduous devotion to exercise. They are determined, like the old lady, to take the fifty pills at once. If ten minutes' ardent exercise is good, ten hours, so they think, of the same incessant strain upon their muscles is just sixty times better. And so they seek out games which have more about them of grim earnest than of sport—and work away at play as if their physical salvation depended upon getting the most done in the shortest period. Cricket, perhaps, may tend to correct all that—and, if it does, its negative qualities may not be the least among its recommendations.

By the way, at the recent match, the English spectators on the ground—and they were very numerous—almost invariably pronounced the word bowl, *boul*, as if spelt bowel; instead of *bole*, as we Americans say. May we beg of them to correct that harsh pronunciation. It was entirely too suggestive, when Jackson was flinging his furious balls, to hear them speak of the possibility of some poor fellow being "*boweled* out." We know there is authority for their pronunciation of the word—even Worcester, we believe, considering it allowable—but, notwithstanding, we pray them to abandon it at once and forever. To transform a really pretty word like bowl, to an ugly one like *bowel*, seems to us to be almost another proof of that tendency to mar and degrade, which the theologians tell us is inseparable from poor human nature.

THE WAY THEY TALKED IN THE OLDEN TIME.—Glancing, the other day, over the pages of one of the popular Boston periodicals—popular, we mean, with young masters and misses—our eyes lit upon the following passages in a romantic story of "The Brave Days of Old:"

"Ho, there! a light, a light!" cried Leopold, moving quickly forward with his drawn blade in hand; "what moves ye varlets? *What's the row?*" * * * * * *

"Ho, there, Conrad! plant thou a part of thy bowmen at regular intervals round yon gloomy bastile, and allow no man to pass without *the signal*; form a heavy arbatis (query, *abatis?*) within effective range of the walls, with the rest, and *tarry* whomsoever may show a bearer over the battlement's crest; there will be work for thee with the morning's sun; and death to the stubborn swine of Wolfsberger, mother and child," shouted Leopold, *so loud, purposely, that every word could be distinctly heard by those in the tower.* "To *thy* axes, men, to *thy* axes, and fell some of these frowning pines which seem to lower over us, as if displeased with our inactivity; we will have an *arbatis!*" added Leopold, in a tone of thunder. "Yon case (!) shall fall; by the bones of my father, I swear it; and yon proud and scornful wight be humbled, though I die in the effort!"

We do not know that the writer of the above designed his story to be "highly amusing, as well as interesting," but, if he did, he has succeeded admirably. We question whether many intelligent readers would be able to read it without bursts of laughter.

PUBLIC MEETING.—We are requested to state, that a Public Meeting of the Rosine Association will be held at the Musical Fund Hall, on Friday evening, October 21st, at half past seven o'clock. The meeting will be addressed by the Rev. Mr. Carden, Rev. Mr. Jeffery, and the Rev. A. A. Willitts. A collection will be taken up to aid the Building Fund of the Rosine Association. Admission free.

LANDRETH'S RURAL REGISTER.—The attention of our readers is invited to the advertisement of Messrs. D. Landreth & Son's Rural Register and Almanac for 1860. It is gratuitously distributed.

HOW THE SULTAN RAISES THE WIND.—The Sultan has a novel method of raising money. Expecting lately to make a journey to Smyrna, Syria, Egypt, and perhaps Malta, he demanded sixty millions of piastres for the expenses of the voyage. Failing in all other ways to "raise the wind," he ordered that all officers of Government whose salaries were above a certain specified sum, should for one month receive but half pay, and the other half he reserved for his travelling expenses. A novel but expeditious way of collecting the "income tax."

THE steamship Quaker City is safe. It was towed into Norfolk on Wednesday, by the Philadelphia steamship State of Georgia, bound to Savannah

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS: THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LIFE. E. D. Long. New York.

POEMS, by the Rev. T. HEMPSTEAD. M. W. Dodd. New York.

THE EMPIRE OF RUSSIA; FROM THE REMOTEST PERIODS TO THE PRESENT TIME. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Mason Brothers, New York.

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT ROBIN, AMBASSADOR, AUTHOR AND CONJUROR. Written by Himself. Edited by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. George G. Evans, Philada.

THE HORTICULTURIST: A Journal of Rural Art and Rural Taste. October. W. B. Zieber, Phila.

PARTIES AND THEIR PRINCIPLES: A MANUAL OF POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, Exhibiting the Origin, Growth and Character of National Parties. By ARTHUR HOLMES. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

MARY LEE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. By KATE LIVERMORE. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE CRICKET FIELD; OR, THE HISTORY AND THE SCIENCE OF CRICKET. Mayhew & Baker, Boston.

LIFE'S MORNING; OR, COUNSELS AND ENCOURAGEMENTS FOR YOUTHFUL CHRISTIANS. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by ISAAC HAYS, M. D. October. Blanchard & Lea, Philadelphia.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. October. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Part 6. In Eighty Parts. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

LIFE IN TUSCANY. By MABEL SEARMAN CRAWFORD. Sheldon & Co., New York.

DICK AND HIS FRIEND FIDUS. A Story for Children. By CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE. William S. and Alfred Martien, Philada.

A NEW DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS from the Greek, Latin, and Modern Languages. Translated into English, and Occasionally Accompanied with Illustrations, Historical, Poetical and Anecdotical. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE GLORY OF THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL. A Picture of Judaism in the Century which preceded the Advent of the Saviour. By FREDERICK STRAUSS. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

CEMENT FOR FRUIT CANS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Reading the "Post" of October 15th, I see among the "Useful Receipts," on page 5, one for making "Sealing Wax for Fruit Cans," in which I can point out a very great error, entailing both waste of material and expense; and that is directing beeswax and gum shellac to be melted together. The two can be melted in the same vessel, but they will not mix. Another objection is, that the sealing wax will be more expensive than is necessary, considering the purpose it is used for. At present, gum shellac is scarce and high, and sealing wax cannot be made as cheap as usual, while Venetian red answers every purpose for coloring.

A good receipt is the following:

Gum shellac	4 oz.,	costing 10 cents,
Rosin	8 oz.,	do. 3 do.
Venetian red	1 oz.,	do. 1 do.

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Or the following, containing more gum shellac, and it will make a firmer article than the first—

Gum shellac	6 oz.,	costing 15 cents,
Rosin	6 oz.,	do. 3 do.
Venetian red	1 oz.,	do. 1 do.

An increased quantity of rosin renders wax too brittle, but that can be obviated to a great extent, by the addition of about an ounce, or two tablespoonfuls of Venice turpentine, and is an excellent improvement to either receipt. Coloring matter sufficient to answer the purpose is all that is needed; a large quantity impairing the adhesive quality, and making the wax granular.

The following are the prices of the articles, and they can be purchased more reasonably at the wholesale than retail drug stores. Gum shellac is scarce, and a good article sells from 35 cents to 40 cents a pound; rosin 5 cents a pound; Venetian red 6 cents a pound; Venice turpentine 6 cents a half pint, or 8 ounces—an ounce contains two tablespoonfuls. In both the receipts here given, there is nearly twice the quantity of that in the "Post," in one case costing a little more than half of it, and in the other three-fourths; and they can be recommended to make a good article.

Next is a wax used for sealing air-tight cans. It is softer than the others, as it properly should be. It is made as follows:—

Yellow wax	1 lb.,	costing 50 cents,
Rosin	3 lbs.	do. 15 do.
Venetian Red	8 oz.,	do. 8 do.

This will answer for bottles, and is still cheaper. It does not require any Venice turpentine, the wax giving the requisite degree of softness.

Several months ago, I purchased a copy of the "Post," and an inquiry was made concerning "Oil of Tartar," which you could not answer. Salt of Tartar, as it is called, when exposed to the air, gradually absorbs moisture and becomes a liquid, and in that state is the article in question. I am what you term a "chance reader" of the "Post," and by chance read and preserved the articles on the "Four Acre Farm." I thought by the remarks made at the commencement of the chapters, the authoress had written previously on the same subject; if so, where have the former articles been printed? A.

[*Note by the Editor.* Our correspondent probably was misled by the reference to Miss Martineau's "Farm of *Two* Acres," previously published in THE POST. If she had been a regular, instead of chance reader, she would have understood it.

As to the receipt alluded to, our correspondent is certainly mistaken in saying, as she does in the first paragraph, that beeswax and shellac will not mix. We have used for preserves, a sealing wax made of equal proportions of rosin and shellac, with beeswax at discretion, and the three blend perfectly, and make a capital cement. We thank her for the new receipts furnished.]

RUSSIAN ENTERPRISE.—The Russian Government has just commenced a railroad to connect Kieve with Odessa. It will take 15 years to build it, and will involve more difficulties and a heavier outlay, than would a road from St. Louis, Mo., to San Francisco, California.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS.

A CHANCE TO OBTAIN

TWO HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS

HAMILTON'S

VIEWS OF NIAGARA FALLS.

FICTION, NEWS, HUMOR, AGRICULTURE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., &c.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST—"the oldest and best of the Weeklies"—have the pleasure to announce to the reading public, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engagement with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novelet, *written expressly for* THE POST, called

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novelets, stories, poems, essays, &c., from the pens of the following gifted writers:—

G. P. R. JAMES.	MARY HOWITT.
CHARLES DICKENS.	AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."
ALFRED TENNYSON.	AUTHOR OF "FARM OF FOUR ACRES."
CHARLES READE.	GRACE GREENWOOD.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.	MISS PARDOE.
CHARLES MACKAY.	FLORENCE PERCY.
WILKIE COLLINS.	AMELIA B. EDWARDS
DR. O. W. HOLMES.	EMMA ALICE BROWN
T. S. ARTHUR.	AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET."
AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," &c.	MRS. M. A. DENISON.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.	FANNY M. RAYMOND.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.	NORA PERRY.
OWEN MEREDITH.	ISA CRAIG.
P. J. BAILEY, (Author of "Festus.")	MISS MARTINEAU.
LIEUT. HABERSHAM.	

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANCY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

TERMS—ENGRAVINGS.

HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS—a couple of handsome and large-sized *Steel* Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms.

We also Club with those well-known Monthly Magazines, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Godey's Lady's Book. Read the following and take your choice of

TERMS.

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

POPULATION OF PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. S. E. Cohen, in the course of preparing his new Directory of Philadelphia, has made inquiries as to population, and he informs us that the whole number of inhabitants in the consolidated city is no less than 680,000. This is somewhat above the usual estimate, but no one has had as good opportunities of making a correct estimate as Mr. Cohen. The increase of population since 1850 is 271,000, which exceeds any former rate of increase. The growth of the city for a succession of periods is shown by the following statement:

Population of Philadelphia in	1800	70,287
"	1810	96,287
"	1820	119,326
"	1830	167,325
"	1840	258,037
"	1850	408,762
"	1859	680,000

The United States census, to be taken next year, will test the accuracy of Mr. Cohen's calculation. But whether it be exactly correct or not, there is no question as to the fact that the population of Philadelphia has increased immensely, and it is still increasing rapidly.

Mr. Cohen says: "Cohen's Philadelphia Directory" will contain a *larger* number of citizens' names than appears in the New York City Directory for 1860, taken in May last; hence, if similar data (viz.: male adults, housekeepers, and persons in business,) have been taken in both cities, the population of Philadelphia exceeds that of New York city.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 152—Adults 89, and children 63.

☞ Cleanliness is the elegance of the poor.

A GOOD FIGHT.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c., &c.

"Come, then, read it to me, prithee. I am wearying for it."

"The first words are, 'To my honored parents.'"

"Ay! and he always did honor us, poor soul."

"'God and the saints have you in his holy keeping, and bless you by night and by day. Your one harsh deed is forgotten; your years of love remembered.'"

Catherine laid her hand on her bosom, and sank back in her chair with one heart-broken sob.

"Then comes this, madam. It speaks for itself. A long adieu."

"Ay, go on, bless you, girl; you give me sorry comfort. Still, 'tis comfort."

"'To my brothers Cornelis and Sybrandt. Be content. Yoh will see me no more!'"

"What does that mean? Ah! has he seen what I have: or more?"

"'To my sister Kate. Little angel of my father's house. Be kind to *her*—' Ah!"

"That is Margaret Brandt, my dear—his sweetheart, poor soul. I've not been kind to her. Forgive me, Gerard!"

"'—for poor Gerard's sake: since grief to her is death—to—me—' Ah!" And nature, resenting the poor girl's struggle for unnatural composure, suddenly gave way, and she sank from her chair and lay insensible, with her head on Catherine's knees.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Experienced women are not frightened when a woman faints, nor do they hastily attribute it to anything but those physical causes which they have often seen produce it. Catherine bustled about; laid the girl down with her head on the floor quite flat, opened the window, and unloosed her dress as she lay. Not till she had done all this did she step to the door and say, rather loudly:

"Come here, if you please."

Margaret Van Eyck and Richt came and found Margaret lying quite flat, and Catherine beating her hands.

"Oh, my poor girl! What has happened?"

"Nothing, madam; nothing more than is natural in her situation."

"My poor Margaret!"

"Margaret? What, not Margaret Brandt?"

"Yes! this is the poor girl you are so bitter against. She is coming to, thank Heaven."

"Me bitter? Well, so I was; but my heart is turned towards her somehow, as if she was my own child—all in one moment. What, sweetheart! Be not frightened, none are here but friends. And to think of my setting her to read me the letter—poor thing!"

They seated her in an easy chair. As the color was creeping back to her face and lips, Catherine drew Margaret Van Eyck aside.

"I would not let her go home to-night."

To enforce this she whispered a few words. Margaret Van Eyck started at them, and without going out of a whisper, went into a passion.

"It's false! it is a calumny! it is monstrous! Look at her face. It is blasphemy to accuse such a face."

"Tut! tut! tut!" said the other, "you might as well say this is not my hand. I ought to know. I have had a dozen, besides the numbers I have seen. I tell ye it is so."

And much to Margaret Van Eyck's surprise she went up to the girl, and, taking her round the neck, kissed her warmly. "I suffered for Gerard, and you shed your blood for him I do hear: his own words show me I have been to blame. I've held aloof from you. But I'll make it up to you once I begin. You are my daughter from this hour."

Another warm embrace sealed this hasty compact, and the woman of impulse was gone.

Margaret lay back in her chair, and a feeble smile stole over her face. Gerard's mother had kissed her, and called her daughter; but the next moment she saw her old friend looking at her with a solemnity and sadness that were quite new.

She slid from her chair to her knees, and prayed piteously to the old dame for pardon. From the words and the manner of her penitence a bystander would have gathered she had inflicted some cruel wrong, and intolerable insult upon her venerable friend.

The little party at the hosier's house sat at table discussing the recent event, when their mother returned, and casting a piercing glance all round the little circle, laid the letter flat on the table. She repeated every word of it, following the lines with her finger. Then, suddenly lifting her head, she cast another keen look on Cornelis and Sybrandt: their eyes fell.

Then the storm that had long been brewing burst on their heads.

Catharine seemed to swell like an angry hen ruffling her feathers, and out of her mouth came a Rhone and Saone of wisdom and twaddle, of great and mean invective, such as no male that ever was born could utter in one current; and not many women.

"I have long had my doubts that you blew the flame betwixt Gerard and your father, and set that old rogue, Ghysbrecht, on. And now here are Gerard's own written words to prove it. You have driven your own flesh and blood into a far land, and robbed the mother that bore you of her darling, the pride of her eye, the joy of her heart. But you are all of a piece from end to end. When you were all boys together, my others were a comfort; but you were a curse: mischievous and sly; and it took a woman half her day to keep your clothes whole: for why? work wears cloth, but play cuts it. With the beard comes prudence: but none came to you: still the last to go to bed, and the last to leave it; and why? because honesty goes to bed early, and industry rises betimes. Where there are two lie-abeds in a house there are a pair of ne'er-do-weels. Often I've sat and looked at your ways, and wondered where you came from: you don't take after your father, and you are no more like me than a wasp is to an ant; sure you were changed in the cradle, or the cuckoo dropped ye on my floor: for you have not our hands, nor our hearts: of all my blood none but you ever jeered them that God afflicted; but often when my back was turned I've heard you mock at Giles, because he is not so big as some: and at my lily Kate (that is poor, dear Gerard's word), because she is not so strong as a Flanders mare. After that rob a church an you will! for you can be no worse in His eyes that made both Kate and Giles, and in mine that suffered for them, poor darlings, as I did for you, you paltry, unfeeling, treasonable curs! No, I will not hush, my daughter; they have filled the cup too full. It takes a deal to turn a mother's heart against the sons she has nursed upon her knees; and many is the time I have winked and wouldn't see too much, and bitten my tongue, lest their father should know them as I do: he would have put them to the door that moment. But now they have filled the cup too full. And where got ye all this money? You never wrought for it. I wish I may never hear from other mouths how you got it. Sloth and greed are ill-mated, my masters. Lovers of money must sweat or steal. Well, if you robbed a traveller of it, it was some woman, I'll go bail; for a man would drive you with his naked hand. No matter; it is good for one thing. It has shown me how you will guide our gear if ever it comes to be yours. I have watched you, my lads, this while. You have spent a groat a-day between you. And I spend scarce a groat a week, and keep you all, good *and* bad. Not give up waiting for the shoes that will, may be, walk behind your coffin; for this shop and this house shall never be yours. Gerard is our heir: poor Gerard, whom you have banished and done your best to kill; never call me mother again! But you have made him tenfold dearer to me. My poor lost boy! I shall soon see him again; shall hold him in my arms, and set him on my knees. Oh, you may stare! You are too clever, and yet not clever enough. You cut the stalk away; but you left the seed—the seed that shall outgrow you, and outlive you. Margaret Brandt is quick, and it is Gerard's, and what is Gerard's is mine; and I have prayed the saints it may be a boy: and it will—it must. Oh, Kate, when I found it was so, my bowels yearned over her child unborn, as if it had been my own!

"He is our heir. He will outlive us. You will not; for a bad heart in a carcass is like the worm in a nut; soon brings the body to dust. So, Kate, take down Gerard's bib and tucker that are in the drawer you wot of, and to-morrow we will carry them to Sevenbergen. We will borrow Peter Buysken's cart, and go comfort Gerard's wife under her burden. She is his wife. Who is Ghysbrecht Van Swieten! Can he come between a couple and the altar, and sunder those that God and the priest make one? She is my daughter; and I am as proud of her as I am of you, Kate; and as for *you*, keep out of my way a while, for you are like the black dog in my eyes."

Cornelis and Sybrandt took the hint and slunk out, aching with remorse, and impenitence, and hate.

They kept out of her sight for days; and she never spoke to them again about their conduct. *Liberavérat animam suam.*

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten heard no more of the black sheep for two days. Then they came and produced the letter they had taken from Hans Memling before he leathered them; and claimed their reward. The drawer was opened, and in went their hands. Sybrandt had slily glued his without telling Cornelis; for black sheep are not always loyal to one another. So some small coins stuck to the back of his hand, and he got more for his soul than his brother did. When they were gone Ghysbrecht opened the letter, and found, to his surprise, it was written by Margaret Brandt. In it the poor girl revealed her situation to her lover, and besought him tenderly to return and save her honor. Her love and her sorrow had found words so simple and touching, that Ghysbrecht felt a deeper pang of remorse than ever, and cursed the hour he had fallen into the views of Cornelis and Sybrandt. But it was too late.

Hans was far away with the fatal letter to tell Gerard Margaret was dead.

While Ghysbrecht was in this state, he received a summons to answer a charge made against him by the bishop of the diocese, for entering a church profanely, and interrupting the sacrament of marriage by force and arms, without due authority.

The Cure of Sevenbergen was a mild man and had submitted to that insult; but he related it months afterwards to others of the clergy, and they took it up instantly with ardor and an *esprit du corps* that boded ill for the lay defendant. Soon the lawyers had their word, and after much discussion they settled it thus: that on a special and written authority from the father of the bride or bridegroom the magistrate might stop a marriage even at the altar, provided he did it decently, and *sine strepitu*, and in a certain form, viz., by a writ first delivered to the officiating priest; but that, on a general authority, he could do no act of such weight, this being an interference with the clergy in their proper function, and *in domicilio sancto*. On the above particulars a month was given Ghysbrecht to furnish evidence. But this decision was in reality fatal to him. He had no written authority from Gerard senior. He had not done his act in the form by law prescribed, and by no means *sine strepitu*. Weighing this, and knowing from Martin Wittenhaagen that the Duke was prejudiced against him, he was deeply dejected. In which state a still heavier blow fell on him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Gerard, who had all his parents' economy, intended to make his pen defray the expenses of his journey. But when he got into Germany he found the art of printing universal, and so beautifully executed that he could not go beyond it. Besides,

Imprimit ana dies quantam non scribitar anno.

He had the modesty and the sense to see that the best man can't buffet good machinery. He pushed on to Italy, afraid printing would get there before him. The Burgomaster's money enabled him to travel more quickly than most pedestrians, but when he got to Florence his funds had sadly dwindled. He found no printing to speak of at Florence, and a great demand for scribes.

But, alas! the run was mainly upon Greek MSS., and Gerard, though he knew the Greek character, had no skill to write it. But he set to work with a will and practiced it. When he had at last mastered it, he thought he would prepare a specimen of his powers, surrounded with a border of fruit and leaves. Should he buy a fair piece of vellum to lay it on? No; he was Catherine's son: why buy what he had by him? That old deed was on fair vellum: it was dirty: but then he had a receipt for cleaning vellum. He had laid the deed on the table, and took his knife to cut it in half, intending to glue the written faces of the two halves together, and so make a glorious solid sheet.

Now, as he bent over it, a word or two excited his curiosity.

"Gently," said he, "let me not destroy it till I know what it is—it belongs to *her*."

Accordingly he read it, and, as he read it his cheeks got hot, and his heart began to beat. When he had read it, he studied it, and, the more he studied it, the more sure he was that there was something much better to be done with it than copy Plutarch on it.

He sat reading and pondering it, and so absorbed that he missed the sight of a face from Holland. Hans Memling passed his little window twice, but Gerard never saw him.

At peep of day Gerard left Florence.

Friend and foe had shot at him with love and with hate, and each missed him alike. Neither Margaret's imploring cry to him to return reached him, nor did the false report of her death reach him, though it grazed so terribly near him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Margaret stole away to Sevenbergen at peep of day; there she found the soldier had left her a long letter from Gerard. The thousand tender words of love filled her with joy; but the letter was dated from Florence. The distance filled her with dismay.

"Oh, Gerard!" she cried, "why are you so far from me? What will become of me if you get not my letter? I shall die disgraced, for live ashamed I cannot."

Soon after breakfast Catherine came, true to her promise, and was so warm, so cheerful, and motherly, that she revived the drooping flower. Little Kate was unable to come. She was in more pain than usual. From this time the visits of Catherine were frequent. Margaret's despondent state caused her considerable anxiety. She never would come to Tergou, and indeed would not leave the house.

"I held my head too high," she said, "and now I can look no one in the face. The Dame Van Eyck tries to forgive me, but she cannot. How can she? None can save me but one, and he comes not. Well-a-day!"

"I tell you," said Catherine, "you are his wife, and my daughter; and don't ye go fretting now, for the sake of the precious burden you are trusted with."

But when it transpired publicly that the clergy were proceeding against Ghysbrecht, Catherine came to Sevenbergen, buoyant with the news; and as she told it with a fair share of exaggeration, it brought life into Margaret's pale face, for a moment or two.

One day, as Peter was reading and Margaret leaning her weary head on her new mother's bosom, and kissing her hand; and the kind Catherine leaning her head down with assumed cheerfulness, but secret anxiety, over this her pining daughter, so dear to her now; there stood in the door-way the figure of a man in rags, weary with travel, pale, large-eyed. Peter glanced off his book, and said:

"Pass on, good man, we are too poor to give!" then back to his book again.

There was a swift rush, a staff rattled on the floor, and the worn man was on his knees with his arms round both the women, speechless and panting with joy.

"Ah! my darling! my darling!" cried his mother, as only a mother can cry; and Margaret clung tight to him with one long moan of love, and sobbed, and laughed, and wept upon his neck.

But words have not the power to paint a joy so sudden, so wild, so all overpowering.

An hour later, Gerard sat between the two, a hand of each in his hand, and ever and anon kissing a cheek of each alternately, as he told his story.

"Dear Gerard, 'twas my letter brought you?"

"No, Margaret. I got no letter. 'Twas this brought me, this deed which shows me your father is a wealthy man; his father's goods being wrongfully kept from him by Ghysbrecht Van Swieten. I only found it out at Florence. Was I to go on, and leave you in poverty, when I held this talisman to make you rich?"

"I am rich in your love. I ask no more. Oh, mother! can this be real? Can any woman be so happy and live?"

"Why not? What would she gain by dying? Gerard, you and I must talk about that deed; this one is too simple; and now quick to Tergou."

"Ay; but how can I leave Margaret so soon?"

"Mother, he loves me still! I'll come too, Gerard, sooner than the rest should want you."

And Margaret was half an hour making the little changes in her clothes and hair, that of late had not kept her five minutes.

And she came down transformed; elastic; and radiant with beauty.

"Good lack!" cried Catherine. "We shall want no candle with this one in the room."

And in Buysken's cart went Gerard in rags to Tergou, with a dear hand in each of his; the happiest he in Holland.

Arrived at Tergou, his Spartan sire fell on his neck and kissed him, and no word was uttered but of love and content; and little Kate's face was seraphic, and her hand crept alternately into Margaret's and Gerard's.

And as they talked and sometimes sighed, sometimes rejoiced, over all their troubles now happily ended, their glistening eyes and nimble fingers were all busy making Gerard a suit of decent clothes. They hadn't far to go for the cloth.

Next day, when Gerard went to ask the Cure to marry him, the reverend father observed:—

"This has been discussed, and it is matter of great doubt whether you are not married. If so, it were a sin to repeat the ceremony; this were to throw doubt upon a sacrament."

Gerard exclaimed and entreated, and at last it was settled thus: No fresh banns; the words the Cure had uttered last not to be repeated; the service to be taken up from that point; the marriage to be registered as having taken place at the first attempt, Ghysbrecht's interruption having been laic, profane, illegal, null. On these terms, the Cure consented to read the rest of the mutilated service—and to take the fees.

The piece of parchment was a covenant by which Ghysbrecht had advanced money, many years ago, to Floris Brandt on the security of certain lands and houses, Ghysbrecht to draw the rents until said sum shall be repaid; but, comparing the income with the debt and date of loan, it was clear it had been repaid this sixteen years, yet Ghysbrecht had quietly gone on holding the property without a rag of title-deed; and, trusting to the learned Peter's stupidity, had set it afloat that he had *bought* it of Floris Brandt. Thus, not only the property was Peter's, but the back rents for many years. As for the title-deeds, Gerard rummaged the philosopher's house without much hope. "He has cut them up for labels," said he. Unjust! they were detected innocuously lining a drawer which was full of the seeds of medicinal herbs, and really arranged with considerable method—the seeds.

Gerard's father was a shrewd man, and had many friends in Tergou. He and his party took the matter up, and threatened to indict Ghysbrecht if he did not instantly refund. These pressing him hard on one side, and the clergy, whom he had affronted, on the other, Ghysbrecht's ruin and disgrace impended. But the old fox contrived to give his foes the slip. He was found dead in his bed one morning, not without some suspicion of having hastened an exit desirable for himself and others. His heir, a distant relative and a just man, deprecated scandal, and accounted to Peter, or rather to Gerard, his son-in-law and man of business, for every farthing due. Gerard and Margaret then removed to Rotterdam, taking with them Peter, who met with more honor in the city than in the village, and had the glory of curing several personages—among the rest a heathen belonging to the Duke. He lived to a great age, cherished tenderly by his good son and daughter. He soon ceased to be aware that they were not both his children by blood.

Gerard and Margaret, like many that meet in youth more than their share of trouble, enjoyed more happiness and tranquillity than fall to the usual lot of man.

The Duke, on the report of his giant, sent flaming messengers for Giles to come to court. Vain was all remonstrance. The Duke's word was law. Catherine made Giles ready, weeping bitterly. It was an irreparable loss. She could have spared Sybrandt or Cornelis; she had two black sheep; but she had but one dwarf.

Giles was petted and bedizened, and invested with privileges. Item: on account of his small size he was permitted to speak the truth. It sounded so odd at court. It is a disagreeable thing at best; but he contrived to make it more so by bellowing it. Sybrandt achieved a broken neck without help of halter, I forget how. Cornelis, free from all rivals, and forgiven long ago by his mother, who clung to him more and more now all her brood was scattered, waited, and waited, and waited, for his parent's decease. But his mother's shrewd word came true; ere she and her mate wore out, this worthy rusted away. At sixty-five he lay dying of old age in his mother's arms, she a hale woman of eighty-six. He had lain unconscious a while; but came to himself *in articulo mortis*, and seeing her near him, told her how he would transmogrify the shop and premises as soon as they should be his. "Yes, my darling," said the poor old woman, soothingly; and in another minute he was clay. And that clay was followed to the grave by all the shoes he had waited for. After his death the old couple were lonely. Gerard guessed as much, and came for them, and made them sell their shop and goods, and live under his wing as he had once under theirs. His house was large, his heart was larger. He set them by his chimney-corner, and he and his good Margaret forced comforts on them they would by force of habit have denied themselves. They sat some years by Gerard's hearth, and fondled little heads, and smiled at one another, and spoke of early days; and grew like one another; and their wrinkled faces had still a beauty, for they shone with benignity; oh, happy end of lives well spent! All the passions gone; all the affections left. Good citizens they were, and good spouses; they reared many children in probity and piety, and never did holy wedlock show holier or more lovely than in this aged, happy pair, whose solace it had been for threescore years and ten.

Long and long before this little Kate had left her trouble behind her. There was too much angel in her face for a long abode on earth. She smiled too in pain, another sign. Life gave her but few joys, so it was just that death should come to her without his frown: and thus he came. She was seized with a sudden lassitude, and a cessation of that pain which had been her companion from infancy. Her mother tried to think this was a change for the better. But the gossips looked at her face, and shook their heads, and said, "She is half way to the saints." Thus painless she lay two days, foretasting heaven. When she was near her end, she begged for Gerard's little boy: he was three years old. They brought him and sat him on the bed: by this time she was past speaking; but she pointed to a drawer: they looked, and found the two gold pieces Gerard had given her years ago. Then she nodded her head towards the boy, and looked anxious lest they should not understand her. But they did: they put the tokens of the father's love, so faithfully guarded, into the boy's hands: and, when she saw his little fingers close on them, she smiled content; and so, having disposed of her little earthly treasures, she yielded her immortal jewel to God, and passed from earth so calmly none saw her go. Gerard begged to have her crutches, that she had changed so well for angel's pinions. And he set them in his oratory in the form of a cross. For he said: "They were my darling sister's crutches, but now they are reliques of a saint."

His memory of her never waxed dim: when he was quite an old man he still spoke of her with tears in his eyes as of the one mortal creature he had known pure from all earthly dross.

END OF A GOOD FIGHT.

NEW POEM BY MRS. BROWNING.

In the London Athenæum, of September 24th, we find the following characteristic poem on Italian politics. It is accompanied by a note from the writer and a comment of the editor, as follows:—

"The good and true politics of this poem you, being English, will dissent from altogether. Say so, if you please, but let me in. Strike—but hear. E. B. B."

We need not say how much we respect the poetess—for we insert her tale—nor, though we give it circulation, how far we dissent from her present reading of the riddle of the Sphinx.—*Editor of Athenæum.*

A TALE OF VILLAFRANCA,

AS TOLD IN TUSCANY.

I.

My little son, my Florentine,
Sit down beside my knee,
And I will tell you why the sign
Of joy which flushed our Italy
Has faded since but yesternight,
And why your Florence of delight
Is mourning as you see.

II.

A great man (who was crowned one day),
Imagined a great deed—
He shaped it out of cloud and clay:
He touched it finely till the seed
Possessed the flower: from heart and brain
He fed it with large thoughts humane,
To help a people's need.

III.

He brought it out into the sun:
They blessed it to his face—
"Oh, great pure Deed, that hast undone
So many bad and base!
Oh, generous deed, heroic deed,
Come forth, be perfected, succeed,
Deliver by God's grace!"

IV.

Then sovereigns, statesmen, north and south,
Rose up in wrath and fear,
And cried, protesting by one mouth,
"What monster have we here?
A great deed at this time of day?
A great, just deed, and not for pay?
Absurd,—or insincere.

V.

"And if sincere, the heavier blow
In that case we must bear,
For where's our blessed *status quo*,
Our holy treaties, where,—
Our rights to sell a race, or buy,
Protect and pillage, occupy,
And civilize despair!"

VI.

Some muttered that "the great deed meant
A great pretext to sin;"
And others, "the pretext so lent
Was heinous," (to begin.)
"Volcanic terms of *great* and *just*?
Admit such tongues of flame, the crust
Of time and law falls in."

VII.

And those lamented, "From this source
What red blood must be poured!"
And these rejoined, "'Tis even worse:
What red tape is ignored!"
All cursed the Doer for an evil,
Called here, enlarging on the Devil,
There, monkeying the Lord.

VIII.

Some said, "It could not be explained;"
Some, "could not be excused;"
And others, "Leave it unrestrained,
Gehenna's self is loosed."
And all cried, "Crush it, maim it, gag it,
Set dog-toothed lies to tear it ragged,
Truncated and traduced."

IX.

But He stood and before the sun;
(The people felt their fate.)
"The world is many, I am one,
My great deed was too great—
God's fruit of justice ripens slow:
Men's soul's are narrow; let them grow.
My brothers, we must wait."

X.

The tale is ended, child of mine,
Turned graver at my knee.
They say your eyes, my Florentine,
Are English: it may be:
And yet I've marked as blue a pair
Following the doves across the square,
At Venice by the sea.

XI.

Ah, child, ah, child, I cannot say
A word more. You conceive
The reason now why just to-day
We see our Florence grieve.
Ah, child, look up into the sky!
In this low world where great deeds die,
What matter if we live?

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THIRD CROP OF APPLES IN ONE SEASON.—In our last, we spoke of having received second crop apples grown upon a tree on the place of Edmund Carter, at Cartertown, in this county. Since then we understand that the same tree is again in blossom. Our informant states that it has borne two crops in one season, on several former occasions.—*Media Advertiser.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

DEATH OF MINISTER MASON—RUMORS OF COMING WARS IN ITALY—AUSTRIA AND SARDINIA MAKING WARLIKE PREPARATIONS—FRENCH ARMY IN ITALY TO BE REMODELED—DUKES OF MODENA AND TUSCANY PREPARING TO ATTACK THE ARMY OF CENTRAL ITALY—MINISTER WARD GOING TO PEKIN IN A BOX.

The North Briton arrived on the 16th, bringing news to the 5th inst.

Mr. Mason, U. S. Minister to France, died suddenly of apoplexy on the 3d inst.

The London Times says that the agents of the French, Austrian, and Sardinian governments are soliciting tenders from English iron founders, for large quantities of rifled cannon.

The London Herald's Paris correspondent in speaking of the preparation for war in France, says, that not a single man in the army has yet been sent home on renewable furlough, and only those entitled to discharge in December next have obtained it. Not a single ship has been dismantled and active measures of defence are progressing at the ports.

The Zurich Conference, says the Paris Patrie, have agreed upon the treaty of peace, which will be signed in a few days. It will confirm the cession of Lombardy, and contain a settlement of the Lombard debt, which is reduced one-half. The affairs of Central Italy will be settled by the European Congress.

The *London Times* denounces the conduct of Gen. Harney at San Juan, and believes the right of Great Britain to the island too strong for sophistry to overcome. The affair had caused considerable disquiet in the money market—but which seemed to be subsiding.

The English papers publish an interesting letter from Kossuth, expressing the keenest grief at the Villa Franca arrangement at the moment when the deliverance of his country was within reach. He says he returns to England again a poor exile, only ten years older from the bitter pangs of disappointment. He derives some consolation, however, from the events of the war, and is strengthened in the conviction that Hungary will yet be free. He says that he insisted on a double stipulation on behalf of the Hungarian prisoners of war, who were enrolled under his banner, viz.: that of exemption from further Austrian military service, and France has obtained these conditions from Austria.

The Great Eastern will leave Portland on her trial trip October 8th, arriving in Holyhead about the 11th. If the trial trip is successful, it is still intended to despatch the vessel to America on the 20th.

Gold is again very plenty in England. Discounts are being made at 2½ per cent.

The latest rumor says that the preparations for the French expedition to China have been suspended, and the indications of a backing down by France are apparent.

Marshal Wiel's order of the day, on joining the troops at Toulouse, has been construed into an admission that peace is not likely to last long.

ITALY.—The Sardinian Government has sent a circular note to the representatives of the European Courts, urging the formation of a Kingdom of Upper Italy, sufficiently strong to keep in check the domineering tendencies of Austria. Such a State would, it is said, tranquillize the mind of Europe, and fulfil the just wishes of those Italian countries which have lately shaken off a tyrannical government.

It is asserted that the Pope has ordered the delivery of his passports to the Sardinian Minister.

Gen. Garibaldi has been enthusiastically received at Bologna. In the order of the day issued by Gen. Fanti, he promises that the tri-color of Italy, proceded by the old cross of Savoy, will precede the troops of Central Italy in fresh battles, and forever free Italy from the stranger.

Gen. Garibaldi has issued a proclamation, summoning the Italians of the Legations to arms, and a collision is shortly expected.

The Paris *Moniteur* repudiates the idea that the Emperor desires to place a French prince on the Italian throne.

It was reported that Austria and Sardinia are making warlike preparations, and that the French army of occupation is to be reinforced.

CHINA.—The Paris Pays says: "The last news from Shanghai establishes, beyond a doubt, the arrival of Mr. Ward, the American Envoy, at Pekin. This diplomatist ascended the Ki-tcheou-yun-ho, one of the branches of Peiho, accompanied by all the members of his legation."

The American corvette, which brought Mr. Ward, was retained in port. The members of the legation were placed in a huge box, about five metres long by three broad, which was closed everywhere but above, so as to prevent those it contained from seeing the country. This box, or travelling chamber, provided with all things necessary to the comfort of the travellers, was placed on a raft, and taken first up the river and then up the Imperial canal, as far as the gate of the capital. Here it was placed on a large truck, drawn by oxen, and in this way the Minister of the United States and the members of his Legation entered the city of Pekin. They were perfectly well treated by the Chinese, but were not allowed to see anything. The truck was drawn into the court yard of a large house, which was to be the residence of the American Envoy, but they were not to be allowed to go out.

At the last dates they were awaiting their interview with the Emperor. They had not been allowed to have any communication with the outer world, but were permitted to send a despatch to Mr. Fish, the American Consul at Shanghai, informing him of their safety.

After the interview, the American Minister was to be reconducted to the frontier in the same way as that in which he came.

ENGLAND.—The London builders' strike remains in a very unsatisfactory state. Negotiations extending over two days between the master builders and a deputation from the operative masons had been brought to a close without any favorable result, and the breach between the employers and the employed was becoming wider than before.

The Times' Paris correspondent says—"The latest and most accredited report respecting Italy is, that the Grand Duke of Modena will regain his throne, not by forcible means, but by an appeal to universal suffrage, accompanied by the grant of a Constitution, and by a general amnesty; that the Duchess of Parma will leave Modena, and that Parma will remain annexed to Piedmont. The warmest and most sanguine partisans have now given up all hopes of being emancipated from Papal rule."

The Herald's Paris correspondent, says—"The Duke of Modena is at the head of 10,000 troops, backed by 5,000 more under the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Kulbermalton has collected some 10,000, of whom about one-third are Croats, and the remainder Swiss, and he has gone to Vienna, it is said, to organize a plan of attack against Fantis' army of Central Italy, now concentrated around Rimini, whilst the Arch Dukes would operate from the North. Piedmont is also eagerly preparing for the fray."

Rumor says that the Pope contemplates abandoning Rome, and again taking refuge at Gaeta.

Naples letters of the 27th, state that 15,000 soldiers had been sent to the frontiers, and that 10,000 more would follow.

THE MARKETS.—Oct. 5.—Cotton—Inferior qualities had suffered a partial decline of ⅛@¼d on the 30th. The prices for middling qualities were easier, but the quotations are unchanged. Market now steady. The Brokers' Circular says the market was influenced by the favorable prospects of the American crop. Spinners buy cautiously.

The breadstuffs market generally has a declining tendancy, with the exception of Corn, which is steady.

Richardson, Spence & Co., and other authorities, report the provision market generally steady. Pork steady, bacon quiet, lard steady, and in better demand. Sugar steady. Rice dull. Tea without change. Pot ashes are firmer. Iron quiet. A vague rumor prevails of a strike among the iron miners.

POMMEROY ABBEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

I.

Never was there a more gloomy structure than that of the old Abbey of Pommeroy, with its gray walls, overgrown in places with lichen and other kinds of moss, its narrow Gothic casements, and its decaying towers. It was in keeping with the scenery that rose around. Situated on a wild part of the coast of England, it was flanked by bleak and bold rocks on the one side, and by a dark forest on the other. Not that the trees were in close proximity to the abbey; from the abbey gates descended a gentle hill, where a few houses, most of them very poor, were honored with the title of village, taking its name from their site, "Abbeyland;" the hill wound round to the right, and there rose the dark and gloomy forest. In days long gone by, in the time of the Norman kings, this place had been the stronghold of the De Pommeroys: then they seemed to have dwindled away and disappeared, and the abbey was for a century or two the abode of monks. After that, it had been rebuilt, and of later years it had come again into the hands of the Pommeroys, who professed to be lineal descendants of the ancient family, and retained their form of religion, though they dropped the "de."

The lord of Pommeroy Abbey—though only Mr. Pommeroy, he was always styled "the lord"—had four sons, Guy, Rupert, George, and Leolin; Guy of course being the heir. The two younger we need not notice just now, for they were absent; George was with his regiment, though he had very recently been sojourning at home, and Leolin was abroad. Guy and Rupert were remarkably tall, nearly six feet three, but there the resemblance apparently ended. Guy was of a pale complexion, almost ghastly, his features, in themselves well formed, were rendered plain by their exceedingly stern expression, and by his possessing what is called a hare lip. In Rupert's features might be traced a great resemblance to Guy's, but only by a close observer, for his complexion was more fresh and beautiful than is often owned by man, the expression of his face was winning, though somewhat free and bold, and the form of his mouth was of surpassing sweetness. A stranger, looking at the two for the first time, would have said never were brothers more unlike: that the one was a model of beauty, the other almost of deformity; but as he became accustomed to their features, the likeness would have grown upon him.

The breakfast-table was spread in the abbey breakfast-room, and Miss Pommeroy waited for her father and brothers. She was tall, as they were; her complexion sallow, though not so white as Guy's; indeed, Guy imparted the idea of a man whose color has been momentarily scared from him by fright; and her hair was darker than theirs. She was named Joan, after a Dame Joan de Pommeroy, who had been famous in the reign of King John, and was said to bear a strong resemblance to her, which probably was only one of those flights of fancy some people delight to indulge in, since no portrait of Dame Joan was extant now, and it did not appear that one ever had been. Miss Pommeroy had returned but the night before from a six months' visit to a married sister, and now stood at the narrow windows, looking out at the scene she had not seen so long. Rupert entered.

"Rupert!" she exclaimed, "I see the smoke of the White House chimneys, curling there. I suppose you have grown intimate with its new inmates; you were in the way for it when I left."

"Guy has."

"Guy!"

"He and the lord are there often. Indeed, I began to think that we were going to be presented gratis with a lady-in-law—"

"Rupert!" interrupted Miss Pommeroy, in a tone of rebuke.

"Until I found that the scent lay in a different direction," continued the unmoved Rupert. "I was mistaking the affair altogether; while I fancied the widower and the widow might be doing a little courting on their own account, it appears they were only courting for their children."

Miss Pommeroy turned her eyes full on her brother, asking an explanation as plainly as eyes could. But Rupert was silent.

"Tell me what you mean," she said, impatiently.

"The son-and-heir is to settle," cried Rupert, "and—"

"Guy cannot afford it," again exclaimed Miss Pommeroy. "You have all been too extravagant for him to think of marrying; the lord has often told him so. Where is to be his separate establishment? and two households in the abbey will not answer."

"I should like to have a guinea for every useless word you drop in a day, Joan," laughed Rupert Pommeroy. "Guy will afford an establishment—if he gets her. She has five-and-twenty thousand pounds."

"Are you speaking of the mother or the daughter?"

"Well done, Joan! The mother is double Guy's age—or getting on for it."

"But—will—she, the daughter, have Guy?" slowly and doubtfully ejaculated Miss Pommeroy.

Rupert had opened one of the narrow casements, and put his head out. Whistling to one of his pointers, which was below, with the gamekeeper, Gaunt.

"Rupert! Rupert!" exclaimed his sister, petulantly stamping her foot, "you know when I want to hear a thing I must hear it.—I say, will Alice Wylde have Guy?"

Rupert drew in his head.

"You had better ask that of Guy himself!"

"Is it true that she has so much? It was given out that they were rich, but twenty-five thousand is a great deal."

"That's true. Her father was in India; a nabob—or rajah—or merchant—something they make fortunes at, out there—and she inherits."

"She will never have Guy; she is too beautiful."

"Pretty women often marry ugly men, and —hist, Joan!" broke off Rupert: "here he comes, the son-and-heir."

Guy Pommeroy entered the room. His temper had made him not loved by his brothers and sisters, but his father doted on him; in Guy he saw his son-and-heir; and his constant allusions to his being such, had caused it to be a by-word of ridicule, as attached to Guy. Haughty, arrogant, and fearful spendthrifts, the Pommeroys had outrun their income; but this was not known to the world: and Guy had reached the age of eight-and-twenty without thought of marrying, when the White House changed its tenants, and became inhabited by the widow and daughter of Mr. Wylde.

But not for the sake of her fortune did Guy Pommeroy think of sacrificing his liberty; the Pommeroys were of that class who love the liberty and license of single life; that the money may have added weight to the inducement was probable, but the fresh beauty of Alice had caught his eye and his heart. When those cold natures, such as was Guy's, do love, they love passionately; and with an impassioned fervor that is not often equalled, had Guy Pommeroy learned to love Alice Wylde.

"Guy," began Miss Pommeroy, with little regard to his feelings or to her own good manners, "Rupert says you want to marry Miss Wylde. Will she have you?"

A hot scarlet flush illumined Guy's white cheek; proving, if itself, how very deep his love had gone. He drew himself up haughtily.

"Let Rupert concern himself with his fishing and his shooting, and his other—more questionable—sports; but let him not concern himself with me."

He rang the bell as he spoke, and his father's personal attendant entered; Jerome, a faithful serving man of fifty years.

"The lord breakfasts in his room," said Guy.

"Yes, sir, I know it," replied Jerome. "He has slept badly."

Miss Pommeroy had turned to the breakfast table. She could not domineer over Guy, as she sometimes did over Rupert; not that the latter heeded her domineering, for he was good tempered and careless. Once, when Guy had declined to tell her something she wished to know, and she had teased him to anger, he struck her a blow, and her face retained the mark for days. She said no more to Guy now, but in the course of the day she questioned her father: was Guy to marry Alice Wylde?

Mr. Pommeroy looked up.

"Who has made you so wise?"

"Rupert."

"It is no business of Rupert's or of any one's. Nothing is settled."

"Neither will it be," exclaimed Miss Pommeroy, speaking what she thought. "I do not suppose she would have Guy."

"Not have Guy!" uttered Mr. Pommeroy. "I can tell you that an alliance with the future lord of Pommeroy is what many a young lady, far higher in position and lineage than she, would kneel for. She and Mrs. Wylde see it in the right light, and are eager for it."

So far as Mrs. Wylde went, Mr. Pommeroy judged rightly. She was an ambitious woman, dwelling too much upon the advantages accruing from "family," as those, not well-born, are apt to do. In Guy Pommeroy, she saw all that was to be desired; and to make Alice the future "lady of Pommeroy," was the dream which fired her ambition.

But, if Guy was courted to the White House, Rupert was not. He had at one time gone thither as much as his brother, but a faint and very disagreeable suspicion had dawned suddenly upon Mrs. Wylde; and that was, that her daughter was getting to enjoy the society of the handsome Rupert more than that of Guy. Never, from that hour, was Rupert Pommeroy admitted within the doors; call when he would, there was an excuse ready; Mrs. Wylde was out, or Mrs. Wylde was engaged.

The day passed on to the evening, and the family dined alone, a somewhat notable circumstance, for the abbey was generally rich in guests. Rupert rose from table when his sister did, and strolled out: Guy remained with his father.

"Where have you been all the afternoon?" demanded the lord. "At the White House?"

"I called in there," replied Guy.

"When do you mean to bring matters to a close? Speak to her offhand, boy, and don't be afraid. I never knew that a Pommeroy could be scared by a woman."

Guy Pommeroy's livid face turned scarlet, a far deeper scarlet than that called up by Joan's bold question in the morning. If the proud old chief could but have known its cause!

"There is plenty of time," replied Guy, in a tone that concealed the evasiveness of the words. "Father, drink claret; so much port is not good for you."

"I hate the claret," said Mr. Pommeroy; "and not a drop should be on my table but for fashion's sake; I never got used to it as a youn man, and can't as an old one. In my day, Guy, the creed was to despise everything French."

"But think of the gout, sir. Jerome is fearing another attack, I know."

"Jerome would fear his own shadow, if you'd let him," said the lord of Pommeroy.

Rupert strolled leisurely along until he was beyond view of the abbey, and then he mended his pace, and went as if he were walking for a wager. It was a lovely summer's evening, and the setting sun threw its red and golden light across the heavy trees in the distance. Cutting across some fields, by a sheltered path, he emerged from them at the back of the White House, and entered its garden by a small door.

Not to the open part of it; no, Rupert Pommeroy dared not do that, lest he should encounter the lynx eyes of Mrs. Wylde. He kept safe amidst the stunted trees that skirted the wall, and peeped out beyond them to see what was to be seen.

He saw a bright looking girl of radiant mien, her dark brown hair shining in the slanting beams of the sun, and her cheeks damask with expectation. She was in an evening dress of white, and wore a small, thin, gold chain round her neck, and similar bracelets on her arms; and she was flitting from bed to bed, plucking a flower from one, stooping to inhale the scent of another, and drawing further from the windows of the house; drawing, as if unconsciously, and without any apparent design.

A lady appeared at the dining-room window, which was open.

"Alice."

"Well, mamma?"

"I wish you would put a scarf over your shoulders. You are sure to choose this hour to loiter in the garden, just when the sun is full upon it."

"Mamma, I shall not take cold."

"I don't suppose you will, but you'll tan your neck. The hot summer sun tans as much at its setting as at mid-day."

Alice Wylde folded her laced pocket-handkerchief, corner-wise, and threw it over her neck.

"You have not drunk your wine," pursued Mrs. Wylde.

"I don't want it, thank you."

Mrs. Wylde turned from the window, and, reaching over the dessert-table for the glass of wine which stood near Alice's plate, drank it herself. Mrs. Wylde was too fond of wine—of course in a lady-like way; nothing more is meant—to waste it, and she then filled her own glass again, and sat down.

Mrs. Wylde was one who enjoyed her dinner; it is a weakness obtaining amidst ladies who have approached, what *they* would call, the meridian of life; and Mrs. Wylde not unfrequently fell into a doze after it, and she enjoyed that as much as her dinner.

Alice Wylde had not been reared in a good school. A girl, who has, will not deceive her mother in word or deed, scarcely in thought; and, rely upon it, where deceit is practiced to a mother, a day of retribution too surely comes: it may be soon, or it may be late, but come it will, and does. She flitted from flower to shrub, and from shrub to flower, gradually drawing round the wind of the lawn, beyond the sight of her mother's eyes, had her mother remained to look; which Alice did not fear, for she knew her mother's indolent and self-indulgent habits. In another moment, she was in the midst of the sheltering trees, and in the arms of Rupert Pommeroy.

"My dearest!"

"Oh, Rupert, I have been wishing for this evening to come! I have been longing to tell you some news. Guy called this afternoon and asked me to be his wife."

"Ah!"

"I told him I was very sorry, for I did not love him, and it was of no use his asking."

Rupert laughed, and held her closer.

"What did he say?"

"I hardly knew what he said; I was confused, and only caught up the sense of his words. He said that he loved me as no other man had ever loved, for his passions were vehement within him; and then came something about his being Guy Pommeroy, of Pommeroy Abbey."

"You might have told him that *one* other, at any rate, loved you as passionately as he. How did it end, Alice?"

"He would not take my refusal; he did not seem to believe in it; he said young ladies did not know their own minds, and that he should never give me up while he had life. He said he should come to the White House as usual, and he hoped that in a few weeks I should grant him a different answer. I told him if he did continue to come, he must consider himself mamma's visitor, not mine."

Rupert drew her face to his, and kept it there while he whispered his sweet vows of love. She resisted not; for, passionately as Guy Pommeroy loved Alice, so did she, in her turn, love Rupert. Thus the time passed all too swiftly for those, wrapt in the magic of the other's presence, in the melody of love's golden chords; and the light was fading, and the sun had set, and the evening star shone in the heavens, when Alice Wylde stole into the house, and aroused her mother from her slumbers, her heart living over again the stolen interview, and her blushing cheeks crimson with the pressure of Rupert's lips.

Rupert did not go straight home, as it appeared, for it was late when he entered. Jerome met him. "All in bed?" asked Rupert.

"All but Mr. Guy, sir. He is in the oak room, walking about: I'm afraid something has vexed him. Just hark, Mr. Rupert."

Rupert listened. Guy's heavy tread sounded from the room, unceasing and monotonous.

"He has been pacing like this for two hours," continued Jerome: and Rupert laughed within himself as he went to his own chamber. "Alice for him, indeed!"

On the following day, Mrs. and Miss Wylde paid a formal visit to Miss Pommeroy: her return would bring ladies to the abbey again; and there were families within visiting distance. They invited her to go back with them and spend the day, and Joan agreed to do so, observing that the abbey had a gentlemen's dinner-party that evening, and she should not be wanted. So Mrs. Wylde dismissed her carriage, for they thought it would be pleasant to walk through the village together.

In going along they met Guy and Rupert, who were with Gaunt, the gamekeeper, the latter a fine specimen of humanity, tall and upright, with handsome features of a high cast, that would have done honor to a coronet. The Pommeroys were fond of saying that he traced back his descent to the famed John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, noted in the days of the second Richard. Guy stopped, of course, and Rupert shook hands with the ladies in his gay way. Miss Pommeroy turned to Gaunt:

"How is Sybilla?"

"She is not well, Miss Pommeroy: I can't make her out. She seems to have lost her health and spirits, and her face is quite drawn and thin."

"What ails her?" questioned Joan.

"It's more than I can tell," returned Gaunt, shaking his head. "She thinks it is the summer heat that overcomes her, and won't have a doctor: but we have had many a summer as hot as this, and, in the teeth of her saying it, she is cold, and wraps herself up. Her mother went off in a waste," he added, dropping his voice, "and I remember she was cold always, after it began. If I should lose Sybilla—why, I'd rather go myself, for she is all I have got left to comfort me."

"I will call in and see her," said Joan. "I may spare a minute now, as we go by."

"I wish you would, Miss Pommeroy. And perhaps you'll give me your opinion of her afterwards. If you think advice is necessary, I'll have it, whether Sybilla will, or not."

Rupert, bold and undaunted, in spite of the eyes of Mrs. Wylde, and the presence of Guy, chose to monopolize the attention of Alice. Little loth was she; and Mrs. Wylde said adieu hastily, and the ladies walked on.

At the extremity of the straggling village, in what had been the lodge, centuries ago, before the village was built, lived Gaunt. Although ostensibly performing the duties of gamekeeper to the Pommeroy estate, he was no paid servant; a small patrimony placed him beyond want, and it is probable that in his heart he considered himself almost equal to the Pommeroys. Just as Mr. Pommeroy lorded it over his servants, so did Gaunt lord it over the two keepers under him. The cottage, a picturesque building, containing four or five rooms, stood back from the road and was sheltered by trees, and a bunch was on the green in front. As they came near it, Mrs. Wylde complained of the heat.

"Then suppose you sit down here and rest for an instant," proposed Joan, pointing to the bench, "while I go in-doors to see Sybilla."

Mrs. Wylde started back as if she had been struck. "To see Sybilla Gaunt! My dear Miss Pommeroy!"

"I will not keep you two minutes, Mrs. Wylde. I am anxious about her. Her father says she is ill."

"Miss Pommeroy!" repeated Mrs. Wylde, in a tone of strong remonstrance," "you must not go in *there;* to see *her*. You have no mother, my dear, therefore you must excuse my interposing, so far, in the light of one."

Joan Pommeroy, haughty and self-opinionated by nature and by education, drew herself up. "You do not yet know Sybilla Gaunt, I see, or you would scarcely speak of her disparagingly. She has been exceedingly well brought up, and her education has been almost—yes, I may say, almost that of a gentlewoman."

"So I have heard. But no good ever comes of educating girls in her sphere of life; and thus it has proved here. My dear Miss Pommeroy, since you left, the girl has turned out to be—to be—in short, not respectable."

The two ladies stood looking at one another, Joan asking the explanation with her eyes that her lips disdained to utter. Alice traced characters on the dusty road with the end of her parasol and listened rather amused at the dispute.

"What did you say?" demanded Joan, whose fiery Pommeroy blood was rising.

"My dear, there's no cause for you to put yourself out," said Mrs. Wylde. "It is an every-day affair with village beauties; always has been, and always will be. Sybilla Gaunt is no longer respectable, and you must drop all communication with her."

Joan Pommeroy's eyes flashed: she could be as passionate as her eldest brother. "It is false, whoever says it," she uttered. "How dare my father and my brothers suffer tales to go about to the prejudice of Sybilla Gaunt? They are the lords of the soil, and they ought to have stopped them."

Mrs. Wylde gave vent to a short, friendly laugh. "My dear, you will have to abandon your favorable prejudices," she quietly said. "Sybilla Gaunt is not respectable."

"Am I respectable?" returned the angry Joan. "You may as well say that I am not. I pray you wait for me, for I shall go in to see her."

Allowing no further opposition, and prepared to fling it off, had it been offered, Miss Pommeroy walked to the lodge door, and entered without knocking: she was in no frame of mind to heed the decorums of life: indeed, they obtained short favor from her at the best of times. The room, it was the common sitting-room, the kitchen being at the back, seemed in a litter, and Sybilla Gaunt sat in it, her head bent down and resting on the table. A shawl, that she appeared to have had on, had fallen to the ground.

She was exceedingly like her father, tall and stately, with the same noble features, and the same large dark eyes, and raven hair: like him, she looked born to adorn a coronet. With a faint exclamation of dismay, she sprang up when she saw Miss Pommeroy, her pale features—not naturally pale, but pale, as it appeared, from illness—grew flushed, and she picked up the shawl to throw it over her. In her haste and confusion, she defeated her own object, and the shawl somehow alighted in a heap on her head. In stretching up her arms to right it, Joan Pommeroy obtained a full view of her: and Joan Pommeroy fell back against the wall, and her spirit turned faint within her.

Joan did not speak; she only looked at her: and Sybilla's trembling hands busied themselves in adjusting the shawl, and the transient crimson of her face faded to a death-like whiteness.

"What is this?" asked Joan, at length.

"What is—what?" returned Sybilla.

"I met your father, and he told me you were ill," harshly repeated Joan. "*What* is this illness, I ask?"

"Don't frighten me, Miss Pommeroy," gasped Sybilla, who looked ready to faint.

"Answer me, I say," repeated Joan Pommeroy, her face as stern, at that moment, as her brother Guy's.

Sybilla choked down a gasping breath before she could answer, and when she did speak, it was in a faint, nervous tone, and in jumping sentences. "The heat this summer—has been great—it has made me ill—it has overpowered me."

Joan Pommeroy heard her to an end, bending her stern, searching eyes upon her. "It is the heat that overpowers you?—the heat, you say? Then why do you wear a shawl to increase it?" And Sybilla Gaunt only laid her hand upon her throat, as if to still its beating, and made no reply, for she had none to make. Miss Pommeroy stepped close up to her.

"Do you think you can deceive me? No: though you have succeeded, it would appear, in blinding your father. You have been mad, Sybilla Gaunt; mad. You have degraded yourself to a level with the—"

"Do not say too much, Miss Pommeroy," interrupted Sybilla, in a low tone. "You don't know all."

"I know and see sufficient. I know that the truth is whispered outside, and that I was warned not to subject myself to contact with you. Shame upon you! you, who were the stay of your father! you, who have boasted of a descent from the Plantagenets! Sybilla Gaunt, I would as soon have believed ill of myself as of you."

Miss Pommeroy gathered up her petticoats, as if to guard them against contamination with the door-sill, and swept out. Mrs. Wylde was then sitting on the bench, and Alice was looking up the road. Mrs. Wylde rose when she saw Miss Pommeroy.

"Come, Alice what are you looking at? Oh, I see, Mr. Guy Pommeroy is there."

Joan turned her head in the direction.

"Guy and Rupert; and Gaunt also," she muttered. "Let us get on: I do not want to see him."

"Well, my dear Miss Pommeroy, are you satisfied?" asked Mrs. Wylde. "What does she look like?"

"Like what you said," returned Joan, harshly.

"Of course: there is no possibility of mistaking it. And her father is a—in fact, an idiot."

"Who is it that has led her to it?" interrupted Miss Pommeroy, in the same abrupt tone.

"There I cannot enlighten you: people are shy of talking. She has always, as I hear, held herself quite aloof from the village rustics."

"How very beautiful she is!" suddenly exclaimed Alice Wylde.

"Who, child?"

"Sybilla Gaunt, mamma."

"Oh," said Mrs. Wylde, scornfully.—"'Handsome is as handsome does,' was a saying of my old mother's. Sybilla Gaunt had better have been born ugly enough to frighten the crows."

Late in the evening Jerome came for Miss Pommeroy. He brought bad news. The lord had been taken ill, very ill, and Mr. Guy was with him.

"And Mr. Rupert?" returned Joan, "where is he, that he could not have come for me?"

"Mr. Rupert went out when the gentlemen left Miss Pomeroy. The lord would not let it be known in the dining-room that he was ill."

But as they were passing through the village, they heard fast footsteps behind them. It was Rupert, and he gave his arm to his sister. Jerome told him of his father's illness.

"The gout again," remarked Rupert.

"And a bad attack it will be," I know, returned Jerome.

"So you always say, Jerome," said Mr. Rupert.

"Well, sir, we shall see, I fear."

"Alice will marry Guy," whispered Joan to her brother.

Rupert whistled. "Oh, you think so?"

"I judge from probabilities. Mrs. Wylde was talking about her affairs to-day. She has complete power over Alice, for if the latter marries without her consent, the money leaves her, and Mrs. Wylde can will it to whom she pleases, except to Alice. No girl in her senses would forfeit five-and-twenty thousand pounds. So what is she to do? Mrs. Wylde is bent upon Guy."

"Not she," cried Rupert.

"That Alice is looking forward to the probability of being lady of Pommeroy, she let slip to-day. We had been talking about the abbey: what a gloomy, tumble-down old pile it is, except the portion that we inhabit, and Alice sank into thought. 'I shall have it so renovated that no one will know it to be the same,' she suddenly exclaimed: 'I shall make it the admiration of the county. I mean,' she corrected herself, blushing and laughing, 'that I should do that if I were its master.'"

Rupert still whistled softly to himself, smiling much. His sister inquired why he was laughing.

"To think of the changes that must take place, ere she could be the abbey's lady. The deaths, for instance."

"Only papa's, Rupert. Guy will be its lord then."

Rupert did not answer; but his smile wore the same curious expression.

As they approached the abbey, lights were gleaming from several of its front windows, and they seemed to be passing from room to room.

"What is it? what can have happened?" uttered Rupert.

"The lord's worse! I know he is!" cried Jerome, apprehensively.

"You are always ready to prophecy evil, Jerome."

"I feel sure he is, sir," the old servant answered. "And," he added to Rupert, in his agitation, "if ever I saw coming death upon a face, I have seen it the last day or two upon my poor master's."

Jerome was right; Mr. Pommeroy was worse. It was a violent attack of gout in the stomach. In his room Rupert and Miss Pommeroy found Guy, a priest, and two medical men. He was giving directions to Guy, as well as his pain allowed him.

"Jerome is getting old," he was saying as they entered; "you, Guy, with a young wife, and probably a young family, will be wanting young servants, and, it may be, he will not suit you long. He has saved wages, and I have left him something more, and it is my desire that the keep shall be his, to reside in, after he leaves you, for so long as he shall live. Do you hear, Guy?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Give him the keep for his own, to have exclusive control over, just as if it were his, by right: at his death it will lapse back to you. Give me your promise."

"I promise, father," said Guy. "Father, I also promise," added Rupert.

Guy looked at his brother, and his ugly lip curled up.

"Where is the use of your promise? You will not be the abbey's lord."

"In case it should lapse to me during Jerome's lifetime," returned Rupert; and at this suggested possibility, Guy's lip curled up the more.

The old man died. And Guy was the lord of Pommeroy.

II.

A lovely spring day. The hedges were clothed in their luxuriant green, the sky was darkly blue with an earnest of returning summer, and the grass, growing long, was intermixed with cowslips and blue-bells, and the long, deep-pink flowers that children call cuckoos. Alice Wylde sat on a low stile near her home, looking at the wild flowers, and thinking pensively of the happy years of her childhood, when her greatest delight had been to go into the fields and gather such, delights that never would return.

She was deeply unhappy. Loving Rupert Pommeroy with all the intensity of an impassioned and not well-disciplined heart, this long absence from him had seemed like a separation of years. About six weeks subsequent to Mr. Pommeroy's death, Rupert left the abbey. A very slender provision indeed was bequeathed to him, only a few thousands, but an appointment had long been promised him under government. Guy had graciously intimated that he was welcome to make the abbey his home until it should be given, but Rupert pleaded business, and left. Guy suspected his motives; that he had some debts, and that at present it was convenient his place of residence should not be so decidedly known. Rupert's secret plea to Alice was, that unless he went to London to look after this promised appointment, it might never come, and in secret they took their leave. But that was last September; and now it was April, nearly May, and he had never come back again!

There had been another desertion from Abbeyland, and the deserter was Sybilla Gaunt. She also did not come back; and she had been gone nearly as long as Rupert. It was known that the gamekeeper received letters from her, and he seemed tolerably easy in mind; no one dared to speak to him of his loss, for he could put down impertinence, whether from rich or poor, with as high a hand as the old lord himself had done, in his haughtiest days. Captain Pommeroy had come down at his father's death, and had gone again when the funeral was over; and Leolin was abroad still. Miss Pommeroy lived at the abbey with Guy; and —Alice Wylde is sitting on the low field stile there looking at the flowers, with eyes that see them not.

She steps off the stile and leans against it, for she hears footsteps approaching; and, though the hedge hides the intruder, she knows them to be the lord of Pommeroy's.

"Good-morning, Alice."

"Good-morning," she returned, preparing to move away.

"Stay," said Guy, putting his arm before her; "I cannot go on like this; I cannot be shunned forever, as you are shunning me. If I come up with you out of doors, you walk away; if I call at the White House, you will not remain in the room. I have been there now, talking to your mother, and she, and I, say that matters should be brought to an issue."

"They were so brought long ago," replied Alice; "only you will not take my answer."

"No, I will never take that answer," returned Guy, with agitation. "Oh, Alice!" he added, changing his tone to one of deep tenderness, "have compassion upon me! my love for you is eating away my heart-strings."

"I cannot love you," she replied, in a low tone.

"So you have said; and so I have asked you, as I ask you now, Why?"

"It is not a thing that can be called up at will; or bought and sold, as you would barter a jewel."

"Sufficient of it will come at will; if there be no bar. I am ready to take you, and chance it. *Is* there a bar?" he continued, in a meaning tone.

Alice Wylde hesitated. The persecution—for so she looked upon it—of Guy Pommeroy had become intolerable to her; when she woke in the morning, the consciousness that she should meet him in the day, and possibly be forced to listen to his love-making, would rush over her mind with a feeling of despair; and now came the thought, What if she told him there was a bar? it might put an end to his hopes and his tormentings. So she spoke out; but in the confusion and doubt of her ideas, did not weigh her words.

"If I were to impart to you that there is a bar, would it convince you that your wish is useless?"

"A bar!" he ejaculated. "Not that of love—of love for another? Alice! do not say it!"

"I must say it, if I am to speak the truth," she whispered; "I do love another."

The dark expression came over Guy's face.

"Whom?"

"Rupert."

A minute elapsed before he took in the sense of the words. And then his passion broke forth.

"Rupert! the ill-doing spendthrift! Rupert, the disgrace to the name of Pommeroy! Who is now hiding himself, lest his reckless debts should be visited upon him; whose misconduct here would be a byword in men's mouths, but that he is a Pommeroy! who—But I do not believe you," added Guy in a different tone, as he ran over in his mind the probabilities of her avowal, and could not remember that Rupert and she had been sufficiently intimate for love to have supervened; or that they had met, if love had come. "It is false, Alice; you never saw much of Rupert, or he of you."

Alice leaned against the stile; she did not reply, but the rich flush of love, remembered love, mantled in her cheek, and her lips parted with a half smile.

"Do you wish to drive me mad?" stamped Guy. "Why don't you say that you never met him—to love—that you are asserting what is false, only to deceive me?"

"I have said what is true. And, as to not meeting, I should be sorry to meet you in secret, as I have met Rupert."

"You—a gentlewoman—and my promised wife—can stand there and avow to me that you have met Rupert Pommeroy in secret?"

"I am not your promised wife. And there was no other way in which we could meet, for you had gained the ear of my mother. If we did meet in secret, where was the harm? do you think Rupert would let it come near me?"

The lord of Pommeroy turned his face from Alice, bending it on the ground; it was well, perhaps, that she did not see it then. His love for her was indeed as a volcano raging within him; he could not give her up; far rather would he have given up life and all its benefits. His, she should, she must be.

"Alice, your love is worse than wasted, if it be given to Rupert Pommeroy. He had none to waste, or to give to you."

Again the rich, red flush of remembrance dyed her cheeks, and her lips were parted with the same sweet smile. Guy kept down his temper.

"I say Rupert Pommeroy had no love to give you. He deceived you; he was only amusing himself."

"You shall not traduce him to me," she interrupted, with spirit. "I will not listen to it. You know the motive which has obliged me to confide this to you—that you may fix your hopes elsewhere. Keep my secret, Guy, and be generous; I shall be your sister some time."

"Walk with me a little way, Alice," he suddenly exclaimed. And mechanically she obeyed, for his tone was imperative. Guy offered his arm; but she bowed a refusal.

"You would take Rupert's," chafed he.

"It is not the custom for young ladies to do so. And I am quite alive to the exactions of customs," she added, throwing back her head.

"Custom!" retorted Guy, "between two who are to form the closest tie on earth."

"Did you speak of yourself, or of Rupert?" she returned, in a spirit of aggravation. And the lord of Pommeroy, after a look that must have betrayed the bitterness of his heart, walked by her side in silence.

They emerged from the fields; and a few steps along the road, towards the village, brought them in front of Gaunt, the gamekeeper's. The cottage appeared shut up; it frequently was so, now Sybilla had left. Guy Pommeroy stopped, and laid his forefinger on Alice's arm, and caused her to turn towards it.

"You see that place, Alice?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Look at it, my dear. Study it well.",

"It is Gaunt's cottage," she exclaimed, wonderingly. "Why am I to look at it?"

"It was well that you should see it. Because there was where Rupert's love was given."

She was slow in understanding. No suspicion of the sort had dawned upon her. And Guy's word's only called up thoughts of the gamekeeper and the cottage; not of Sybilla.

Guy turned back towards her home, walking by her side still.

"There are certain topics, Alice, that we may not discuss openly; custom, which you avow yourself a disciple of, does not sanction it; the proprieties of life would not sanction it; nevertheless, some of this reserve must be forgotten, when circumstances imperatively compel it."

Alice Wylde turned her wondering eyes upon him.

"You know that Sybilla Gaunt has left the place," he resumed, in a low, deep tone; "you know, at least, it is probable you do, why she has been obliged to leave it. She is with Rupert."

Silence ensued. Guy glanced round. Alice was walking on, but he could not see her face, for it was held straight forwards, and bonnets—do listen, ladies fair!—were worn large then.

"The author of the evil that fell upon Sybilla Gaunt was Rupert Pommeroy," continued Guy; "he who ought to have guarded her from it, had he seen it approaching, no matter from what quarter, brought it upon her. He is a heartless man; and whilst he must have been pretending—as you now say—to live for you, his love was given to Sybilla. His real love, mind, Alice; and if he affirmed aught else to you, he was base and false."

As a blast of lightning falls upon a tree, and shatters it, so were these words falling upon Alice Wylde's brain. The scandal, touching Sybilla Gaunt, had been too popular a theme in the village to escape her knowledge; nay, her own mother had spoken openly of it, in her hearing, to Miss Pommeroy.

They came to the fields, and Guy held the gate open for her to pass through. He could have gnashed his teeth, as he thought how she must love Rupert—for her countenance was white with agony, and her steps tottered.

"Is it true?" she gasped.

"It is true as that you and I are here living."

Remembrance was busy within her; events of the past were conjuring themselves up, trifles which had excited no reflection at the time. She remembered once to have remarked to Rupert on the beauty of Sybilla Gaunt, and Rupert had replied with some gay words—what was Sybilla's beauty, compared to hers? but his tone was a constrained one, and he abruptly changed the theme. Again, she remembered, in driving home with her mother from a dinner-party, one moonlight night, at which they had met the lord and Guy, but not Rupert, who had sent an excuse, she saw Rupert standing just beyond the corner of the trees at Gaunt's cottage; and there was another shadow *near* him, an undefined one; the gamekeeper's she had then concluded, and she had wondered why Rupert had gone down there so late. How was it, that she had been so blinded? Now she came to think of it, who but Rupert, with his fascinating manners and his handsome form, with his careless principles and indifference to consequences, was likely to have turned the head of Sybilla? The clodhoppers of the village—she would have spurned them under foot. How could she, Alice, have been so innocently unsuspecting? The very fact of Sybilla's quitting the place with Rupert—but a few days elapsed between—might have told her.

The revulsion of feeling was terrible: all her love seemed to be thrown back upon herself; and she could have wept tears of agony at the thought of how he must have laughed at her credulity. At her, who had told him of her rejection of Guy, of her refusal to become the lady of the abbey, for his sake! But she could be its lady still.

"Alice," began Guy, as they neared her home, "when—"

"Say nothing to me now," she fiercely answered, "or I shall be visiting the hate upon you that I am beginning to feel for Rupert. If he has thus trifled with me—"

"He has," interrupted Guy. "If you think I am capable of deceiving you, ask the village." And, in good truth, the village would probably have said as Guy did, for their suspicions had pointed at the gay and attractive Rupert. But they held their peace, for was he not a Pommeroy? and, amongst the simple around, it was pretty generally held that the Pommeroys, like kings, could do no wrong.

The lord of Pommeroy spoke his farewell and departed: Alice did not answer him, but went on, in. Not that she intended any particular discourtesy to him, but her mind was in a chaos of tumult. "To come to me with his false vows, from the company of that girl!" she muttered to herself, "to win my love; to play upon my credulity; to sport with my heart's most sacred feelings; and then return to whence he came—to her! Oh, mercy! how shall I support myself?"

A little voice came whispering to her, Is it true? or is Guy deceiving you? She thought it was true; the probabilities, looking back, seemed to say that it was. But she went to her mother, who was deep in the pages of a fashionable novel, and asked out a question boldly: little cared she, in her despair, for what Guy called the proprieties of life.

"Mother, who was it turned Sybilla Gaunt to the wrong path?"

Now it happened that Mrs. Wylde was particularly alive to the proprieties at that moment; for the book before her, though calling itself a novel, was of the most orthodox school: holy little village children, young clergymen in long (and very unbecoming) black skirts, and right honorable ladies, all of whom talked in pious sentences of band-box perfection and far-fetched grammar, correct, but not easy, and who had never heard of "wrong paths," much less come in contact with them, therefore, Mrs. Wylde bent a severe brow on Alice.

"Young lady! such topics are ignored in society. What are you thinking of?"

"I want to know who it was that led Sybilla Gaunt to sin," proceeded Alice, plunging deeper into the mire.

She stood before her mother with a pale face and eye of dark misery, and it brought down Mrs. Wylde from her stilts.

"Alice, what in the world is the matter? What is Sybilla Gaunt to you? It was not Guy Pommeroy, therefore—"

"Was it Rupert?"

"Child, I say, these subjects are better let alone. What has come to you that you should court them? Of course it was Rupert: everybody knows that."

But Alice spoke again, in the last faint effort to struggle with despair. "I heard you say to Miss Pommeroy, when you were telling her about it, that it was not known who—"

"To be sure I did," interrupted Mrs. Wylde. "She put the question to me, point blank, and I could not say to her, 'Your brother Rupert.'"

"Why did not the village shun him? He was popular, he was courted up to the very hour he left it."

"The village shun a Pommeroy!" derisively retorted Mrs. Wylde. "If a Pommeroy chose to tell them they must sell their souls to him, they would only kneel and do it. Hush, Alice! here comes Joan."

Joan Pommeroy entered. She was left for a moment alone with Alice, and the latter approached her with an eager whisper.

"Joan, tell me: was it known who—who led Sybilla Gaunt from the right?"

Miss Pommeroy looked surprised. She disdained to equivocate, and therefore did not reply. "Are you ill, Alice?"

"I have heard that it was Rupert," resumed Alice, her eyes strained on Joan with a wild expectancy that it was not pleasant to look upon.

Joan Pommeroy bowed her head. "I believe it was. I ask, Alice, if you are ill?"

"Oh no," she answered with a harsh laugh, "I am very well."

Guy Pommeroy had proceeded home. He opened his desk, and wrote a sharp brief note to his lawyers in town:

"The judgment you hold against Rupert Pommeroy proceed upon at once, and lock him up. Listen to no terms for a compromise, unless you have my orders to do so: but still remember that I do not appear as connected with the affair.

"Pommeroy of Pommeroy Abbey."

That was the signature of the lords of Pommeroy. And just two days after that was penned, was Mr. Rupert Pommeroy inside the walls of a debtor's prison, and likely to remain there.

III.

Gaily went on the preparations for the wedding, for Alice Wylde had at length consented to be Guy Pommeroy's wife. The villagers said how happy she would be with the lord; the gentry how lucky she was to have obtained him, a prize, for which (though nobody would acknowledge to it,) many had striven; and the reader, who is in the secret, will say what misery she was carving out for herself. Misery indeed: but to be revenged on Rupert Pommeroy she would have grasped a far less desirable position than that of being the abbey's mistress. The only revenge she could take upon him was that of rushing in hot haste to be somebody's wife: at least, it appeared the only one likely to tell upon the false Rupert.

The day previous to the nuptials arrived, and Alice sat in her room, her heart braving out its anguish. Her maid was kneeling before a half-packed trunk.

"Are these flowers to go in, miss?"

"Flowers," was the abstracted answer—"what flowers?"

"These, miss, that were between the paper in the little drawer. Here's a rose, and a—what is it?—a white geranium I think, miss, but they are dried up beyond knowing."

Alice turned her head to see the flowers—she had overlooked them when casting away the rest—and the tide of memory came rushing over her. They were the last he had ever given her, and too well she remembered *how* they were given; his words and his looks of love. She buried her face in her hands, and gave vent to a groan of pain, not to be suppressed.

The maid heard footsteps outside, and stretched up her head.

"Here's the lord of Pommeroy."

Alice knew she must go to him. And why should she not: was he not to be her husband ere many hours had passed? But the current of her thoughts had been turned to the events which she had latterly striven to bury, and an impulse arose—long afterwards she used to wonder why it should so have arisen—to speak of them to Guy.

She went down to him; she stopped his words of greeting and put away his hand.

"Guy, did you deceive me when you told me that—that ill of Rupert?"

The lord of Pommeroy turned his eyes upon her.

"Why do you ask that now?"

"Were I to find, later, that you had deceived me, it would be bad for us both; for you and for me," she dreamily said.

"The lords of Pommeroy disdain deceit," was his reply. "The fact of Rupert's remaining away so long might convince you that he is with *her*, without any other proof."

"True, true," she murmured; "forgive me, Guy."

Guy Pommeroy bent towards her, and would have sealed his forgiveness, but was met by a gesture of aversion. "Don't, please," she faintly said, as she drew away. An unpleasant scowl contracted Guy's face. When these little episodes peeped out, showing how utterly she disliked him, he felt at war with her, with Rupert, with the world, and with Heaven.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old Scotch Servants.—The charge these old domestics used to take of the interests of the family, and the cool way in which they took upon them to protect those interests, sometimes led to very provoking, and sometimes to very ludicrous exhibitions of importance. A friend told me of a dinner-scene illustrative of this sort of interference which had happened at Airth in the last generation. Mrs. Murray, of Abercairney, had been among the guests, and at dinner one of the family noticed that she was looking for the proper spoon to help herself with salt. The old servant Thomas was appealed to that the want might be supplied. He did not notice the appeal. It was repeated in a more peremptory manner, "Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a salt-spoon;" to which he replied most emphatically, "Last time Mrs. Murray dined here we *lost* a salt-spoon." An old servant who took a similar charge of everything that went on in the family, having observed that his master thought he had drank wine with every lady at table, but had overlooked one, jogged his memory with the question, "What ails ye at her wi' the green gown?"

A characteristic anecdote of one of these old domestics I have from a friend who was acquainted with the parties concerned. The old man was standing at the sideboard and attending to the demands of a pretty large dinner-party; the calls made for various wants from the company became so numerous and frequent that the attendant got quite bewildered, and lost his patience and temper. At length he gave vent to his indignation in the remonstrance, addressed to the whole company, "Cry a' thegither; that's the way to be served."

I have heard of an old Forfarshire lady who, knowing the habits of her old and spoilt servant, when she wished a note to be taken without loss of time, held it open and read it over to him, saying, "There noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't; noo dinna stop to open it, but just send it aff." Of another servant, when sorely tried by an unaccustomed bustle and hurry, a very amusing anecdote has been recorded. His mistress, a woman of high rank, who had been living in much quiet and retirement for some time, was called upon to entertain a large party at dinner. She consulted with Nichol, her faithful servant, and all the arrangements were made for the great event. As the company were arriving, the lady saw Nichol running about in great agitation, and in his shirt-sleeves. She remonstrated, and said that as the guests were coming in he must put on his coat. "Indeed, my lady," was his excited reply, "indeed, there's nae muckle rinning here and rinning there, that I'm just distrackit. I hae cast'n my coat and waistcoat, and, faith, I dinna ken how lang I can thole (bear) my breeks (breeches.")—*Dean Ramsay.*

The Quaker and the Pugilist.—A genuine bully called upon a "Friend" avowedly to thrash him. "Friend," remonstrated the Quaker, knocking down the visitor's fists, "before thou proceedest to chastise me, wilt thou not take some dinner?" The bully was a glutton, and at once consented, washing down the solids with libations of strong ale. He rose up again to fulfil his original errand. "Friend," said the Quaker, "wilt thou not first take some punch?" and he supplied abundance of punch. The bully, now staggering, attempted to thrash his entertainer, but quoth the Quaker, "Friend, wilt thou not take a pipe?" This hospitable offer was accepted, and the bully utterly weak, staggered across the room to chastise the Quaker. The latter, opening the window, and pulling the bully towards it, thus addressed him, "Friend, thou camest hither not to be pacified; I gave thee a meat offering, but that did not assuage thy rage; I gave thee a drink offering, still thou wert beside thyself; I gave thee a burnt offering, neither did that suffice; and now will I try thee with a heave-offering." And with that he tossed him out of the window. That sufficed him.

☞ Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.

EFFIE CAMPBELL.

Pretty Effie Campbell
Came to me one day;
Eyes as bright as sunbeams,
Cheeks with blushes gay.

"I'm so happy, Cousin,
Walter told me all,
In the carriage, coming
From the county ball."

"Have a care, Miss Effie—
Look before you leap;
Men are fickle, Effie,—
Better wait than weep."

"How you're always preaching
Love to be a crime;
And a kiss perdition,
Surly Peter Syme."

"Fear these first love whispers,
Thrilling, sweet and strange;
Eyes *will* wander, Effie,
And the fancy change."

"I can trust him, Cousin,
With a glad repose;
Heaven is won by trusting,—
Doubt brings half our woes."

"Are you certain, Effie,
Love will not decay
When your step is slower,
And your hair grows gray;

"And those eyes, so bonnie,
Look less bright than now;
And the matron Caution
Saddens cheek and brow?"

"Love may deepen, Peter,
But it will not die;
Best its pulse will steadier,
If not quite so high.

"Smoother run the rivers
As they reach the sea,
Calm'd the noisy plunges—
Still'd the shallow glee.

"True love knows no changing
From the dream of youth,
Or, if changed, 'tis better
'Tis the dream made truth.

"Love that once pined blindly,
Tenderly reveres,
And the eyes see clearer
That have look'd through tears.

"Beautiful, for ever,
The grief-soften'd tread;
And the time-touch'd glances,
And the dear gray head.

"The pathetic paleness,
And the lines of care;
Memory's consecration
Makes men always fair.

"Lips that came close creeping,
Sweet low love to speak,
Kissing, oh! so softly,
Weary temples weak.

"Eyes that looked *such* pity—
Poor wild eyes above;
Can these lose their beauty
For the souls that love?

"But I see you're laughing,
As you always do,
When my speech gets earnest—
As my heart throbs through.

"Weak you think us women,—
Slaves of impulse, vain;
But our heart is oftimes
Truer than your brain.

"You're our subjects, skeptic,
Wrangle as you will;
Mothers' eyes and bosoms
Mould the children still.

"Tale of woman's glamour—
'Tis the oldest known:
Better doom with woman
Than an Eden lone.

"We shall always snare you,
Struggle as you may;
I shall see *you*, Cousin,
Deep in love one day!"

"Effie!"—but she stopped me
With a nod and smile,
Calling, as she curtacy'd,
In her saucy style:

"Bye, bye, Master Peter,—
Take a wife in time,
And she'll make you wiser,
Simple Peter Syme."

Satirical Advice to those Wishing to Succeed in Life Now-a-days.—That fine writer, Arthur Helps, says, in his "Friends in Council:"—

"Those who wish for self-advancement should remember, that the art in life is not so much to do a thing well, as to get a thing that has been moderately well done largely talked about. Some foolish people, who should have belonged to another planet, give all their minds to doing their work well. This is an entire mistake. This is a grievous loss of power. Such a method of proceeding may be very well in Jupiter, Mars, or Saturn, but is totally out of place in this puffing, advertising, bill-sticking part of creation. To rush into the battle of life without an abundance of kettle-drums and trumpets is a weak and ill-advised adventure, however well-armed and well-accoutred you may be. As I hate vague maxims, I will at once lay down the proportions in which force of any kind should be used in this world. Suppose you have a force which may be represented by the number one hundred: seventy-three parts at least of that force should be given to the trumpet; the remaining twenty-seven parts may not disadvantageously be spent in doing the thing which is to be trumpeted. This is a rule unlike some rules in grammar, which are entangled and controlled by a multitude of vexatious exceptions; but it applies equally to the conduct of all matters upon earth, whether social, moral, artistic, literary, political, or religious."

Death Hour Shows.—History is full of solemn trifling by noted men, just previous to the death-hour. Sir Thomas More jested on the scaffold, and Chesterfield was courteous to the last. But the Earl of Pembroke furnishes a more elaborate instance. The night before his execution, he drew up his will. In this, among other singular passages, are the following:

"Item.—I give my body, for I cannot help it—therefore bury me. I have church lands enough; but do not bury me in the church porch—for *I was a Lord, and would not be buried where Colonel Pride was born.*"

"Item.—I give *nothing* to the Lord Say; which legacy I give him, *because I know he will bestow it on the poor.*"

"Item.—To Tom May, whose head I broke at a masque, I give five shillings; I intended him more, *but all who have seen his history of the Parliament, think that sum too much.*"

"Item.—Because I threatened Sir Henry Mildmay, but did not beat him, I give £50 *to the footman who cudgelled him.*"

"Item.—To the author of the libel against Ladies, I give threepence; and since he knows what's false on divers names of unblemished honor, I leave him a farther legacy, *which will be paid him by the hands of the footman who paid off Sir Henry Mildmay's arrears.*"

"Item.—As I restore other men's words, so I give Lieutenant-General Cromwell one word of mine; *because hitherto he never kept his own.*"

"Item.—I give all my printed speeches to these persons following, viz.: That speech which I made in my own defence, when the seven Lords were accused of high treason, I give to Sergeant Wild, *that hereafter he may know what is treason and what is not.* * * * But my speech at my election (which is my speech without an oath) I give to those who take the engagement, *because no oath has been able to hold them.*"

The grim fun with which these parting shots were fired, can not only be fully appreciated by those who are well read in the history of the time, but even by less industrious students.

Not Easily Satisfied.—A carpenter who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five story building, upon which had fallen a rain. The roof being slippery, he lost his footing, and as he was descending toward the eaves, he exclaimed, "Just as I told you!" Catching, however, in the tin spout, he kicked off his shoes and regained a place of safety, from which he thus delivered himself: "I know'd it—there is a pair of shoes gone to thunder!"

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Book the Third. The Track of a Storm.

CHAPTER VI.

TRIUMPH.

The dread Tribunal of five Judges, Public Prosecutor, and determined Jury, sat every day. Their lists went forth every evening, and were read out by the jailors of the various prisons to their prisoners. The standard jailor-joke was, "Come out and listen to the Evening Paper, you, inside there!"

"Charles Evremond, called Darnay!"

So, at last, began the Evening Paper at La Force.

When a name was called, its owner stepped apart into a spot reserved for those who were announced as being thus fatally recorded. Charles Evremond, called Darnay, had reason to know the usage; he had seen hundreds pass away so.

His bloated jailor, who wore spectacles to read with, glanced over them to assure himself that he had taken his place, and went through the list, making a similar short pause at each name. There were twenty-three names, but only twenty were responded to; for one of the prisoners so summoned had died in jail and been forgotten, and two had been already guillotined and forgotten. The list was read in the vaulted chamber where Darnay had seen the associated prisoners on the night of his arrival. Every one of those had perished in the massacre; every human creature he had since cared for and parted with had died on the scaffold.

There were hurried words of farewell and kindness, but the parting was soon over. It was the incident of every day, and the society of La Force were engaged in the preparation of some games of forfeits and a little concert for that evening. They crowded to the grates and shed tears there; but twenty places in the projected entertainments had to be refilled, and the time was, at best, short to the lock-up hour, when the common rooms and corridors would be delivered over to the great dogs who kept watch there through the night. The prisoners were far from insensible or unfeeling; their ways arose out of the condition of the time. Similarly, though with a subtle difference, a species of fervor or intoxication, known, without doubt, to have led some persons to brave the guillotine unnecessarily, and to die by it, was not mere boastfulness, but a wild infection of the wildly shaken public mind. In seasons of pestilence, some of us will have a secret attraction to the disease—a terrible passing inclination to die of it. And all of us have like wonders hidden in our breasts only needing circumstances to evoke them.

The passage to the Conciergerie was short and dark; the night in its vermin-haunted cells was long and cold. Next day fifteen prisoners were put to the bar before Charles Darnay's name was called. All the fifteen were condemned, and the trials of the whole occupied an hour and a-half.

"Charles Evremonde, called Darnay," was at length arraigned.

His Judges sat upon the Bench in feathered hats; but the rough red cap and tricolored cockade was the head-dress otherwise prevailing. Looking at the jury and the turbulent audience, he might have thought that the usual order of things was reversed, and that the felons were trying the honest men. The lowest, cruelest, and worst populace of a city, never without its quantity of low, cruel, and bad, were the directing spirits of the scene: noisily commenting, applauding, disapproving, anticipating, and precipitating the result, without a check. Of the men, the greater part were armed in various ways; of the women, some wore knives, some daggers, some ate and drank as they looked on, many knitted. Among these last was one, with a spare piece of knitting under her arm as she worked. She was in a front row by the side of a man whom he had never seen since his arrival at the Barrier, but whom he directly remembered as Defarge. He noticed that she once or twice whispered in his ear, and that she seemed to be his wife; but what he most noticed in the two figures was, that, although they were posted as close to himself as they could be, they never looked towards him. They seemed to be waiting for something with a dogged determination, and they looked at the jury, but nothing else. Under the President sat Dr. Manette, in his usual quiet dress. As well as the prisoner could see, he and Mr. Lorry were the only men there, unconnected with the tribunal, who wore their usual clothes, and had not assumed the coarse garb of the Carmagnole.

Charles Evremonde, called Darnay, was accused by the public prosecutor as an aristocrat and an emigrant, whose life was forfeit to the Republic, under the decree which banished all emigrants on pain of Death. It was nothing that the decree bore date since his return to France. There he was, and there was the decree; he had been taken in France, and his head was demanded.

"Take off his head!" cried the audience. "An enemy to the Republic!"

The President rang his bell to silence those cries, and asked the prisoner whether it was not true that he had lived many years in England?

Undoubtedly it was.

Was he not an emigrant then? What did he call himself?

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense and spirit of the law.

Why not? the President desired to know.

Because he had voluntarily relinquished a title that was distasteful to him, and a station that was distasteful to him, and had left his country—he submitted before the word emigrant in its present acceptation by the Tribunal was in use—to live by his own industry in England, rather than on the industry of the overladen people of France.

What proof had he of this?

He handed in the names of two witnesses: Theophile Gabelle, and Alexandre Manette.

But he had married in England? the President reminded him.

True, but not an English woman.

A citizeness of France?

Yes. By birth.

Her name and family?

"Lucie Manette, only daughter of Doctor Manette, the good physician who sits there."

This answer had a happy effect upon the audience. Cries in exaltation of the well-known good physician rent the hall. So capriciously were the people moved that tears immediately rolled down several ferocious countenances which had been glaring at the prisoner a moment before, as if with impatience to pluck him out into the streets and kill him.

On these few steps of his dangerous way Charles Darnay had set his foot according to Doctor Manette's reiterated instructions. The same cautious counsel directed every step that lay before him, and had prepared every inch of his road.

The President asked why had he returned to France when he did, and not sooner?

He had not returned sooner, he replied, simply because he had no means of living in France, save those he had resigned; whereas, in England, he lived by giving instruction in the French language and literature. He had returned when he did, on the pressing and written entreaty of a French citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back to save a citizen's life, and to bear his testimony, at whatever personal hazard, to the truth. Was that criminal in the eyes of the Republic?

The populace cried enthusiastically, "No!" and the President rang his bell to quiet them. Which it did not, for they continued to cry "No!" until they left off of their own will.

The President required the name of that citizen? The accused explained that the citizen was his first witness. He also referred with confidence to the citizen's letter, which had been taken from him at the Barrier, but which he did not doubt would be found among the papers then before the President.

The Doctor had taken care that it should be there—had assured him that it would be there—and at this stage of the proceedings it was produced and read. Citizen Gabelle was called to confirm it, and did so. Citizen Gabelle hinted, with infinite delicacy and politeness, that in the pressure of business imposed on the Tribunal by the multitude of enemies of the Republic with which it had to deal, he had been slightly overlooked in his prison of the Abbaye—in fact, had rather passed out of the Tribunal's patriotic remembrance—until three days ago, when he had been summoned before it, and had been set at liberty on the Jury's declaring themselves satisfied that the accusation against him was answered, as to himself, by the surrender of the Citizen Evermonde, called Darnay.

Doctor Manette was next questioned. His high personal popularity, and the clearness of his answers, made a great impression; but as he proceeded, as he showed that the Accused was his first friend on his release from his long imprisonment; that the accused had remained in England, always faithful and devoted to his daughter and himself in their exile; that so far from being in favor with the Aristocrat government there, he had actually been tried for his life by it, as the foe of England and a friend of the United States—as he brought these circumstances into view, with the greatest discretion and with the straightforward force of truth and earnestness, the Jury and the populace became one. At last, when he appealed by name to Monsieur Lorry, an English gentleman then and there present, who, like himself, had been

a witness on that English trial, and could corroborate his account of it, the Jury declared that they had heard enough, and that they were ready with their votes, if the President were content to receive them.

At every vote (the jurymen voted aloud and individually) the populace set up a shout of applause. All the voices were in the prisoner's favor, and the President declared him free.

Then began one of those extraordinary scenes with which the populace sometimes gratified their fickleness, or their better impulses toward generosity and mercy, or which they regarded as some set-off against their swollen account of cruel rage. No man can decide now to which of these motives such extraordinary scenes were referable; it is probable, to a blending of all the three, with the second predominating. No sooner was the acquittal pronounced, than tears were shed as freely as blood at another time, and such fraternal embraces were bestowed upon the prisoner by as many of both sexes as could rush at him, that, after his long and unwholesome confinement, he was in danger of fainting from exhaustion—none the less because he knew very well that the very same people, carried by another current, would have rushed at him with the very same intensity to rend him to pieces and strew him over the streets.

His removal, to make way for other accused persons who were to be tried, rescued him from these caresses for the moment. Five were to be tried together next, as enemies of the Republic, forasmuch as they had not assisted it by word or deed. So quick was the Tribunal to compensate itself and the nation for a chance lost, that these five came down to him, before he left the place, condemned to die within twenty-four hours. The first of them told him so, with the customary prison sign of Death—a raised finger—and they all added in words, "Long live the Republic!"

The five had had, it is true, no audience to lengthen their proceedings, for when he and Doctor Manette emerged from the gate, there was a great crowd about it, in which there seemed to be every face he had seen in Court—except two, for which he looked in vain. On his coming out, the concourse made at him anew, weeping, embracing, and shouting, all by turns and all together, until the very tide of the river on the bank of which the mad scene was acted seemed to run mad, like the people on the shore.

They put him into a great chair they had among them, and which they had taken either out of the Court itself, or one of its rooms or passages. Over the chair they had thrown a red flag, and to the back of it they had bound a pike with a red cap on its top. In this car of triumph not even the Doctor's entreaties could prevent his being carried to his home on men's shoulders, with a confused sea of red caps heaving about him, and casting up to sight from the stormy deep such wrecks of faces that he more than once misdoubted his mind being in confusion, and that he was in the tumbril on his way to the Guillotine.

In wild, dreamlike procession, embracing whom they met and pointing him out, they carried him on. Reddening the snowy streets with the prevailing Republican color, in winding and trampling through them, as they had reddened them below the snow with a deeper dye, they carried him thus into the court-yard of the building where he lived. Her father had gone on before to prepare her, and when her husband stood upon his feet she dropped insensible in his arms.

As he held her to his heart and turned her beautiful head between his face and the brawling crowd, so that his and her lips might come together unseen, a few of the people fell to dancing. Instantly, all the rest fell to dancing, and the court-yard overflowed with the Carmagnole. Then, they elevated into the vacant chair a young woman from the crowd to be carried as the Goddess of Liberty, and then, swelling and overflowing out into the adjacent streets, and along the river's bank, and over the bridge, the Carmagnole absorbed them every one and whirled them away.

After grasping the Doctor's hand, as he stood victorious and proud before him; after grasping the hand of Mr. Lorry, who came panting in breathless from his struggle against the water-spout of the Carmagnole; after kissing little Lucie, who was lifted up to clasp her arms round his neck; and after embracing the ever zealous and faithful Pross who lifted her; he took his wife in his arms and carried her up to their rooms.

"Lucie! My own! I am safe."

"Oh, dearest Charles, let me thank God for this on my knees as I have prayed to Him."

They all reverently bowed their heads and hearts. When she was again in his arms, he said to her:

"And now speak to your father, dearest. No other man in all this France could have done what he has done for me."

She laid her head upon her father's breast as she had laid his poor head on her own breast, long, long ago. He was happy in the return he had made her, he was recompensed for his suffering, he was proud of his strength. "You must not be weak, my darling," he remonstrated; "don't tremble so. I have saved him."

CHAPTER VII.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

"I have saved him." It was not another of the dreams in which he had often come back; he was really here. And yet his wife trembled, and a vague but heavy fear was upon her.

All the air around was so thick and dark, the people were so passionately revengeful and fitful, the innocent were so constantly put to death on vague suspicion and black malice, it was so impossible to forget that many as blameless as her husband and as dear to others as he was to her, every day shared the fate from which he had been clutched, that her heart could not be as lightened of its load as she felt it ought to be. The shadows of the wintry afternoon were beginning to fall, and even now the dreadful carts were rolling through the streets. Her mind pursued them, looking for him among the Condemned; and then she clung closer to his real presence and trembled more.

Her father, cheering her, showed a compassionate superiority to this woman's weakness, which was wonderful to see. No garret, no shoe-making, no One Hundred and Five, North Tower, now! He had accomplished the task he had set himself, his promise was redeemed, he had saved Charles. Let them all lean upon him.

Their housekeeping was of a very frugal kind: not only because that was the safest way of life, involving the least offence to the people, but because they were not rich, and Charles, throughout his imprisonment, had had to pay heavily for his bad food, and for his guard, and towards the living of the poorer prisoners. Partly on this account, and partly to avoid a domestic spy, they kept no servant; the citizen and citizeness who acted as porters at the court-yard gate, rendered them occasional service; and Jerry (almost wholly transferred to them by Mr. Lorry) had become their daily retainer, and had his bed there every night.

It was an ordinance of the Republic One and Indivisible of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, that on the door or doorpost of every house, the name of every inmate must be legibly inscribed in letters of a certain size, at a certain convenient height from the ground. Mr. Jerry Cruncher's name, therefore, duly embellished the doorpost down below; and, as the afternoon shadows deepened, the owner of that name himself appeared, from overlooking a painter whom Doctor Manette had employed to add to the list the name of Charles Evremonde, called Darnay.

In the universal fear and distrust that darkened the time, all the usual harmless ways of life were changed. In the Doctor's little household, as in very many others, the articles of daily consumption that were wanted, were purchased every evening, in small quantities and at various small shops. To avoid attracting notice, and to give as little occasion as possible for talk and envy, was the general desire.

For some months past, Miss Pross and Mr. Cruncher had discharged the office of purveyors; the former carrying the money; the latter, the basket. Every afternoon at about the time when the public lamps were lighted, they fared forth on this duty, and made and brought home such purchases as were needful. Although Miss Pross, through her long association with a French family, might have known as much of their language as of her own, if she had had a mind, she had no mind in that direction; consequently she knew no more of "that nonsense" (as she was pleased to call it), than Mr. Cruncher did. So her manner of marketing was to plump a nounsubstantive at the head of a shopkeeper without any introduction in the nature of an article, and, if it happened not to be the name of the thing she wanted, to look round for that thing, lay hold of it, and hold on by it until the bargain was concluded. She always made a bargain for it, by holding up, as a statement of its just price, one finger less than the merchant held up, whatever his number might be.

"Now, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose eyes were red with felicity; "if you are ready, I am."

Jerry hoarsely professed himself at Miss Pross's service. He had worn all his rust off long ago, but nothing would file his spiky head down.

"There's all manner of things wanted," said Miss Pross, "and we shall have a precious time of it. We want wine, among the rest. Nice toasts these Redheads will be drinking, wherever we buy it."

"It will be much the same to your knowledge," miss, I should think," retorted Jerry, "whether they drink your health or the Old Un's."

"Who's he?" said Miss Pross.

Mr. Cruncher, with some diffidence, explained himself as meaning "Old Nick's."

"Ha!" said Miss Pross, "it doesn't need an interpreter to explain the meaning of these creatures. They have but one, and its Midnight Murder, and Mischief."

"Hush, dear! Pray, pray, be cautious!" cried Lucie.

"Yes, yes, yes, I'll be cautious," said Miss Pross; "but I may say among ourselves, that I do hope there will be no onions and tobaccoey smotherings in the form of embracings going on in the streets. Now, Ladybird, never you stir from that fire till I come back! Take care of the dear husband you have recovered, and don't move your pretty head from his shoulder as you have it now, till you see me again! May I ask a question, Doctor Manette, before I go?"

"I think you may take that liberty," the Doctor answered, smiling.

"For gracious' sake, don't talk about Liberty; we have quite enough of that," said Miss Pross.

"Hush, dear! Again?" Lucie remonstrated.

"Well, my sweet," said Miss Pross, nodding her head emphatically, "the short and the long of it is, that I am a subject of His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Third;" Miss Pross curtseyed at the name; "and as such, my maxim is, Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, On him our hopes we fix, God save the King!"

Mr. Cruncher, in an access of loyalty, growlingly repeated the words after Miss Pross, like somebody at church.

"I am glad you have so much of the Englishman in you, though I wish you had never taken that cold in your voice," said Miss Pross, approvingly. "But the question, Doctor Manette. Is there"—it was the good creature's way to affect to make light of anything that was a great anxiety with them all, and to come at it in this chance manner—"is there any prospect yet, of our getting out of this place?"

"I fear not yet. It would be dangerous for Charles yet."

"Heigh-ho-hum!" said Miss Pross, cheerfully repressing a sigh as she glanced at her darling's golden hair in the light of the fire, "then we must have patience and wait; that's all. We must hold up our heads and fight low, as my brother Solomon used to say. Now, Mr. Cruncher! Don't you move, Ladybird!"

They went out, leaving Lucie, and her husband, her father, and her child, by a bright fire. Mr. Lorry was expected back presently from the Banking House. Miss Pross had lighted the lamp, but had put it aside in a corner, that they might enjoy the firelight undisturbed. Little Lucie sat by her grandfather with her hands clasped through his arm; and he, in a tone not rising much above a whisper, began to tell her a story of a great and powerful Fairy who had opened a prison-wall and let out a captive who had once done the Fairy a service. All was subdued and quiet, and Lucie was more at ease than she had been.

"What is that!" she cried, all at once.

"My dear!" said her father, stopping in his story, and laying his hand on hers, "command yourself. What a disordered state you are in! The least thing—nothing—startles you. You, your father's daughter?"

"I thought, my father," said Lucie, excusing herself, with a pale face and in a faltering voice, "that I heard strange feet upon the stairs."

"My love, the staircase is as still as Death."

As he said the word, a blow was struck upon the door.

"Oh, father, father. What can this be! Hide Charles. Save him!"

"My child," said the Doctor, rising and laying his hand upon her shoulder, "I have saved him. What weakness is this, my dear! Let me go to the door."

He took the lamp in his hand, crossed the two intervening outer rooms, and opened it. A rude clattering of feet over the floors, and four rough men in red caps, armed with sabres and pistols, entered the room.

"The Citizen Evremonde, called Darnay," said the first.

"Who seeks him?" answered Darnay.

"I seek him. We seek him. I know you, Evremonde; I saw you before the Tribunal to-day. You are again the prisoner of the Republic."

The four surrounded him, where he stood with his wife and child clinging to him.

"Tell me how and why am I again a prisoner?"

"It is enough that you return straight to the Conciergerie, and will know to-morrow. You are summoned for to-morrow."

Dr. Manette, whom this visitation had so turned into stone, that he stood with the lamp in his hand, as if he were a statue made to hold it, moved after these words were spoken, put the lamp down, and confronting the speaker, and taking him, not ungently, by the loose front of his red woolen shirt, said:

"You know him, you have said. Do you know me?"

"Yes, I know you, Citizen Doctor."

"We all know you, Citizen Doctor," said the other three.

He looked abstractedly from one to another, and said, in a lower voice, after a pause:

"Will you answer his question to me! How does this happen?"

"Citizen Doctor," said the first, reluctantly; "he has been denounced to the Section of Saint Antoine. This citizen," pointing out the second who had entered, "is from Saint Antoine."

The citizen here indicated nodded his head, and added:

"He is accused by Saint Antoine."

"Of what?" asked the Doctor.

"Citizen Doctor," said the first, with his former reluctance, "ask no more. If the Republic demands sacrifices from you, without doubt you as a good patriot will be happy to make them. The Republic goes before all. The People is supreme. Evremonde, we are pressed."

"One word," the Doctor entreated. "Will you tell me who denounced him?"

"It is against rule," answered the first; "but you can ask Him of Saint Antoine here."

The Doctor turned his eyes upon that man, who moved uneasily on his feet, pulled his beard a little, and at length said:

"Well! Truly it is against rule. But he is denounced—and gravely—by the Citizen and Citizeness Defarge. And by one other."

"What other?"

"Do *you* ask, Citizen Doctor?"

"Yes!"

"Then," said he of Saint Antoine, with a strange look, "you will be answered to-morrow. Now, I am dumb!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FAMOUS MARRIAGE.—The New York papers say the marriage of Signor Oviedo, the wealthy Cuban, with Miss Bartlett, about which so much has been said and written during the last few months, took place recently at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Probably 4,000 were present at the ceremony, which took place at noon. None were admitted to the Cathedral except those who had received cards of invitation, of which 3,000 were issued—some of them family tickets, admitting several. In the Cathedral railings were erected, dividing the different portions of the interior, severally set apart for the holders of tickets of the different classes; a distinction in this respect being made between the immediate friends of the parties and those who are not on such intimate terms with them. The police arrangements at the Cathedral were commensurate with the magnitude of the occasion, and were under the direction of Captain Williamson, of the Fourteenth precinct.—Eight carriages constituted the bridal *cortege* alone, and the other carriages were named "Legion." The reception took place from 1 to 3 P. M., at the residence of the bride's father, No. 39 West Fourteenth Street. Two thousand invitations to the reception were issued. The crush and jam in Fourteenth Street, of course, was very great, and a numerous police force, including four detectives, preserved order there and watched the house, which, it is said, contained $35,000 worth of bridal presents. The lady's bridal dress alone cost $5,000, and Senor Oviedo presented it and four others that cost $3,000 each, and 75 others less costly, to Miss Bartlett. Don Esteban Sta. Cruz de Oviedo, who is not so old as he is represented to be, met Miss Bartlett, for the first time, about four months ago. They were mutually pleased with each other, and, we have excellent authority for saying, betrothed themselves to each other before the lady's father was aware of the attachment. The bridegroom is said to be worth $4,000,000. He owns large sugar and coffee plantations in Cuba, and negroes without number. Those who have seen Miss Bartlett say his wealth is only equalled by his good taste—for she is very beautiful. Archbishop Hughes performed the marriage ceremony—winding up his discourse to the pair with some remarks against divorces!

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.—"Poker" is said to have become quite a fashionable game with the Digger Indians of North California; they are gambling for arrows, pieces of flint, and other small change.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A RARE OLD LADY.

Paris, Sept. 22, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

What curious and unexpected things occasionally turn up in the course of one's life! things which, among all the odd fancies one might chalk out to one's self as of possible occurrence, most assuredly would never, by any chance, have come into one's head!

Think for instance, of finding one's self, in this year of Grace, 1859, in the company of a lady who had, in her younger days, the dangerous honor of inspiring a "grande passion" in the heart of Robespierre, a lady then one of the most brilliant ornaments of the French stage, and now, at the age of ninety, not only in full possession of all her faculties, but able to declaim a scene from Moliere or Racine, to recite a fable from La Fontaine, with a grace, fire, tenderness and pathos that no *artiste* of our day could equal. Such a singular and interesting *rencontre*—a sort of folding back of a century, and a bringing of two ends together—has just fallen to the lot of your correspondent.

The lady in question is the widow of the illustrious Talma, now the Countess de Chalot, daughter of Vanhove, an actor of considerable repute in his day, who, for many years, belonged to the company of the *Theatre Francaise*, then, as now, the first theatre of Paris. M. Vanhove performed the part of fathers of noble birth, and, was equally respected for his talent, his zeal in the service of the theatre with which he was associated, and the probity and kindness which uniformly distinguished his private life. His wife appears to have been a woman of more than ordinary talent, "devoted," as the French say, "to her interior," meaning thereby, the fireside circle of her home. Their only child, a daughter, could never be induced to learn to read; but when Mr. Vanhove, then a resident of Brussels, and attached to the theatre of that city, was invited, in 1779, to Paris, the child manifested the most eager desire to see the brilliant metropolis of which she had heard so much.

Madame Vanhove adroitly seized this opportunity of inducing the lazy little Caroline to undertake the repugnant but necessary task which she had hitherto succeeded in escaping.

"Ah, my little girl would like to see the beautiful city of Paris? But no little girls are allowed to go there unless they can read! So, if mamma's pet would like to go thither, she must begin to learn her letters directly; and when she can read, nicely, out of a book, she shall go to Paris with papa and mamma."

The appeal, so artfully made, was irresistible; and Caroline opened her first attack on the mysteries of the alphabet that very day.

Fully persuaded that she would be stopped at the gates of Paris, and sternly prevented from entering the city, unless able to read fluently on her arrival there, the child studied so diligently, that before the family reached their new home, she could not only read well, but had learned by heart several pages of prose and verse, which she recited, young as she was, with such purity of diction, and so much artistic feeling, that the passengers in the heavy, slow-rolling *diligence* were all delighted with the child, and gave her the name of The Little Wonder. This unlooked for success decided the parents to bring her up to the stage.

From that moment, the cultivation of her powers, with especial reference to their development upon the stage, was carefully attended to by both her parents; and at a very early age, Caroline appeared on the boards of *la Comedie Francaise* (as the leading theatre was then styled), in various child-characters, which she sustained with universal approbation. The parts of *Louison*, in the *Malade Imaginaire*, of the little girl in *la Fausse Agnes*, and of *Joas*, in *Athalie*, were among those in which the youthful actress was most applauded. But when she reached the age of ten years, her parents considered it time to introduce her to *roles* of greater importance. She no longer appeared in childish characters, but began to study with care and discrimination the characters of the various *chef-d'œuvres* of the French stage. Strangely enough, however, Caroline Vanhove, at this period, appears to have had but one desire, that of entering a convent, and becoming a nun. But her parents resisted this wish on her part, and her artistic training was carried on with all diligence.

Dorival, whose frigidity of style was proverbial, but whose intonations were exceedingly pure, and whose diction was excellent, was chosen for her master in the art of declamation; and so rapid was her progress, that she was admitted to make her *debut*, when scarcely fourteen, in the *Iphigenia in Aulide*.

It is asserted, by the critics of that day, that no *debut*, at once so precocious and so brilliant, had ever taken place on the French stage. Bachamont, in his famous *memoires*, and various other contemporary writers, state that the young actress was equally successful in tragedy, comedy, and the drama; that her grace, pathos, and power, excited "general enthusiasm," that "all Paris flocked in crowds to admire her," and that, while she was on the stage, "the public applauded incessantly—*braves* and *bravissimos* were heard in every part of the house."

This successful commencement of dramatic labors was followed by new and constant triumphs during the period of nearly thirty years which she passed in the career chosen for her originally by her parents, but into which she threw herself with all the energy of her nature; a career which she quitted, in the plentitude of her talent, and at the height of her popularity, compelled to this step by an affection of the larynx that defied the skill of all the physicians of that day. Despite the jealousies, bickerings, and difficulties, which appear to be inseparable from the histrionic career, and from which she seems to have had her full share of annoyance, few dramatic artists can boast of a career so uniformly successful as that of Caroline Vanhove, and in which she had the rare privilege of being associated with her father, whom she adored, and the great actor who was subsequently her husband, and appears to have appreciated her equally as an actress and as a woman.

In her nineteenth year, the young and popular actress was married by her friends to a man named Petit, for whom she does not seem to have had any predilection, and between whom and herself no sympathy ever existed; and not long after she had contracted this inauspicious union, she inspired a violent passion not only in the savage breast of the redoubtable Dictator of the Reign of Terror, but also in the heart of the great actor, the glorious dictator of a more peaceful stage. From Robespierre the charming young actress appears to have recoiled with instinctive horror; thereby attracting to herself the remorseless vengeance of the Man of Blood. But the homage of Talma, then in the prime of his existence, and bent on inducing her to divorce her husband and marry himself, found the fair *artiste* anything but indifferent; though she steadily refused to seek for a divorce; and she even, in her desire to cure the great tragedian of an attachment which she was not in a position to reciprocate, left the Paris stage for several months, and undertook a round of provincial engagements, in the hope that her absence would suffice to cure her illustrious adorer of his passion.

This hope, however, was destined to prove illusory; and an incident which occurred soon after the actress's return to Paris, brought their mutual affection to a crisis.

Madame Petit Vanhove was acting one night in a play of Collot d'Herbois, in which the heroine is run away with, when the clumsy actor who performed the part of the lover, in carrying off the lady, made a false step, and fell, not only sadly bruising the latter by his weight, but driving the whole length of a great pin into the bosom of the unfortunate heroine, who was carried fainting from the stage to the doctors. Surgeons and friends clustered round her; the pin was extracted, but the wound would not bleed.

"The wound must be sucked!" cried one of the doctors in a loud voice, "it is the only way of escaping the danger of such a hurt. Talma!" he continued, "I think you will be able, without repugnance, to render us this service. But, be quick, *mon ami*; it is the only means of saving her!"

Talma, pale and agitated, did not hesitate to render, to her whom he loved, the service demanded. He saved her life; and thus acquired an imprescriptible right to her heart and hand.

The lady's scruples being thus vanquished at last, she sought and obtained a divorce; and on the 16th of June, 1802, Francois Joseph Talma, and Caroline Vanhove, were married, after eight years of hopeless affection, at the *mairie* of the 10th *arrondissement* of Paris.

For many years this couple, apparently so well-assorted, were exceedingly happy, despite the incapacity of Talma to avoid running into debt. In high favor with the Emperor, and his appearance hailed with enthusiasm wherever he showed himself, Talma was constantly in receipt of a large income. His wife, whose salary was equal to her husband's, and whose engagements, in the provinces, and in foreign capitals, were paid at the same rate as her husband's, exerted herself in vain to induce the great actor to moderate his expenditure. Not only did he expend immense sums in furniture and costumes for the stage, keep open house, and an ever-spread table for all his friends, and bestow aid on people in difficulties with a royal generosity, he was also a victim to the mania of building and rebuilding to an utterly ruinous extent. Among other instances of his passion for brick and mortar his widow cites the following anecdote:

When the celebrated English actor, Kemble, was expected in Paris, Talma proposed to give him what he called "a suitable reception," to the great annoyance of his wife, who foresaw, with terror, that this determination would lead to new and heavy expenses.

And so it proved. Talma was determined to change everything in the apartment he occupied in Paris.

"I intend," said he, "that the actor whom people style the first in France, shall receive with dignity the first actor of England. I will not dishonor my nation. Kemble lives in splendid style at home; I must place myself on the same level. I am very sorry not to have a whole house to myself; but no matter; our apartment, done up as I intend it to be, will be noble, delightful! Here, must be some gilded panels; there, shall be a picture-gallery, which can be easily managed by knocking down this wall. I must have two drawing-rooms, one of which shall be decorated and furnished in the purest Roman style."

"But we have only one drawing-room!" expostulated Madame Talma.

"Your bedroom can be turned into a second, *ma chere amie*; it is quite large enough. Besides, we will knock down the wall at the farther end, and take in the corridor beyond, which will give us ample space for the second drawing-room; let me alone, I'll contrive it! But mind you don't persist in worrying me with your narrow calculations of expense, or I shall be really angry. And now let us set to work at once; we have not a moment to lose."

The work of demolition was commenced forthwith; and in a couple of days, the whole place was in utter confusion, every corner of the apartment being upside down with mortar and workmen. By carrying on the work of re-construction incessantly, day and night, and promising handsome *largesses* to the workmen it was just possible that the remodelling of the rooms occupied by the great artist might be completed in a couple of months.

But Kemble did not wait so long; at the end of a week he arrived; and nothing could be done but to replace, with all possible haste, the woodwork that had been removed from the parlor, and to sweep out the mortar and shavings from the dining-room. The most celebrated authors and actors of the day were invited to the dinner thus hastily improvised in the midst of the demolitions; nor does the entertainment seem to have been the less brilliant and delightful for having been given in a room so different from that which Talma's workmen had been ordered to prepare for his guest.

All the domestic difficulties of this artistic couple did not, unfortunately, terminate as well as this one. Courted on all sides, and exposed to the seductive manœuvres of the fairest and most captivating dames of his day, Talma's infidelities to his wife met with less tolerant forbearance than his wasteful expenditure, although the latter absorbed the large income resulting from their joint labors. The sunny days that followed their marriage were succeeded by storms and disasters; and at length they separated. They were reconciled, however, previous to the death of the great actor.

Madame Talma subsequently married the Count de Chalot, whom she also survived; and has now again been for many years a widow. She has written a book on the art of which she was formerly so distinguished an ornament, abounding in useful advice to those who are studying for the stage; together with some interesting anecdotes of Talma, and a brief notice of the life and labors of her father, to whom she was tenderly attached, and whose memory she cherishes with the utmost affection. Madame de Chalot is small, with regular features, and a complexion which must once have been very fine. Her eyes are still bright, and her face, when animated, light up with a vivacity of expression which at once takes thirty years from her appearance. She has all the ease and *aplomb* of a woman who has mingled widely with the world, and has been accustomed to receive the homage and adulation addressed to "the queens of the drawing-room;" her glance, especially, so calm, piercing, and "wide-awake," would suffice to mark her as one who has played an active and authoritative part in the conventional sphere of social existence. Her voice is still clear, pure, and sonorous; her diction remarkably beautiful. Every word comes from her lips simply, without effort, yet so perfectly enunciated that it seems to present, as it were, a chiselled outline to the ear. It was not without some persuasion that the survivor of three generations was induced, by our charming hostess, the Countess G——— de C———, to give us a sample of her declamatory power; but yielding at length to the united entreaties of all present, she rose, and resting slightly on the back of a chair, she recited the famous scene between Arsince and Celimene, in the 3rd act of Moliere's *Misanthrope*. The delicate shading with which every point in this subtle duel of words was brought out, the grace, keenness, irony, and earnestness of her delivery, were beyond all praise; and elicited the warmest expressions of admiration from the auditory. La Fontaine's beautiful fable of "The Two Pigeons," was next recited with admirable dramatic power, yet with such apparent simplicity and spontaneousness, that, in listening to her, you could hardly believe that you could not do as much by simply opening your mouth. After this, Madame de Chalot gave us tragic scenes, in which her marvellous power of word-painting was perhaps even more apparent; her gestures, the expression of her features, and above all, the flexibility and pathos of her voice—(it was to this lady that the famous remark "she has tears in her voice" was first applied)—all conspiring to render visible to your mental vision, both the passions she is portraying, and the scenery and objects suggested by the poet's thought.

Once or twice, only, the lady's memory failed her for an instant; but speedily recovering the train of thought, she proceeded with the same admirable apparent simplicity of perfected art, to the conclusion of the scene.

To see her while inspired with the thoughts and emotions of her youth, you could not believe her to be either old or feeble; yet she had to be supported to and from her seat by four people, and it was necessary to place a table before her when tea was served round, her hands being unable to support the weight even of the delicate little porcelain cup.

What a singular comment on the frailty and mutability of mundane affairs was afforded by the presence of this aged lady, who has outlived all the companions and associations of her youth and of her maturer days: who, after sharing the triumphs of the stage with its most distinguished ornaments, favored and flattered by emperors and kings, and enjoying all that wealth, talent, and beauty can win for their possessors, is now ending her days in voluntary seclusion; only on very rare occasions quitting the solitude of her home: forgotten by the world, of which she was formerly the idol, and, having outlived all her relatives and connexions, tended by strangers, to whom, in default of other heirs, she will probably leave her fortune! It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine a more striking and impressive practical illustration of the "SIC TRANSIT" so clearly written alike on human destinies and on earthly things!

QUANTUM.

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Opposition, or People's Party, have carried the State by a decisive majority—supposed to be about 20,000. They have a large majority in both branches of the Legislature—which elects a United States Senator to fill the place of Mr. Bigler (Dem.) In Philadelphia the People's Party are successful by over three thousand majority—the majority for Mann for District Attorney being 3,385 over Kneass (Dem.) They also elect two State Senators, and ten out of the seventeen representatives.

OHIO.—The Republican majority for the State ticket is said to be about 17,000. The Senate will be composed of 25 Republicans, and 10 Democrats, and the House of 64 Republicans, and 40 Democrats.

INDIANA.—The returns from this State are as yet few and meagre.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Americans of Massachusetts have decided not o nominate State officers.

MINNESOTA.—Returns from 25 counties give 2,716 Republican majority. 7 counties yet to hear from, which in 1857 gave 846 Republican majority. The St. Paul Times says that the Republicans have a majority of 7 in the State Senate, and 30 in the House.

IOWA ELECTION.—Chicago, Oct. 18.—Returns from 47 counties in Iowa give Kirkwood, Republican candidate for Governor, 6,690; Dodge, Democrat, 3,988. The same counties in 1857 gave Lowe, Republican, 2,259 majority. 40 counties are yet to be heard from.

CALIFORNIA DUELS.—Other duels are likely to follow the late Broderick duel in California. It is reported that, on the 16th ult., at San Andreas, a duel was fought between Dr. Peterson Goodwyn, Judge Terry's friend, and Col. Wm. Jeff. Gatewood, with rifles. At the first fire Dr. Goodwyn fell, mortally wounded, and died about two hours after.

☞ POLITICAL ECONOMY.—A thing much talked about, but never practised.

INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY.

An insurrection seems to have broken out at Harper's Ferry, Va., on Oct. 17th. A body of men variously stated at from 250 to 700, and designated as composed of whites and negroes, have taken possession of the whole town, seized the United States armory and pay office, undertaken to arrest the railway trains, cut the telegraph wires, posted a force at the bridge to stop the passage, and done other things of the same kind. The cause of this is not known, but a suggestion is telegraphed that a contractor had absconded, leaving the workmen largely in arrears with their pay, and that in revenge they had formed themselves into an organized force to plunder the U. S. pay office of the money thought to be there. About one hundred negroes participate in the affair, according to one account, by compulsion. The rioters are armed with rifles and other arms taken from the U. S. Arsenal, obey a leader named S. C. Anderson, expect reinforcements, and are well disciplined. Great excitement prevails at Richmond on account of the news, and the Governor of Virginia has made military preparations to subdue the tumult. The War Department at Washington has also sent three companies of troops from Fort Monroe, besides a company of marines, commanded by experienced military officers.

Other rumors, together with later accounts, give the affair another complexion, referring it to the abolitionists. According to these statements, the insurrectionists are commanded by Captain Brown, of Kansas notoriety. The rioters are represented as strongly posted in an engine-house, with prisoners. Engagements between the troops and the insurrectionists are said to have taken place, and several persons are reported killed. At present we have no reliable accounts of the matter, and wait for further news.

LATER.

THE ARSENAL STORMED—CAPT. BROWN AND SON SHOT—INSURRECTION PUT DOWN.

A telegraphic account, dated the 18th, says that the U. S. marines stormed the Arsenal. Capt. Brown and son were shot. The former said his object was to free the slaves—that he was the famous Kansas Captain Brown. He laid claim to credit for the moderation he had shown during the revolt—claiming that he had respected females, private property, &c. A number of citizens of the vicinity, and of persons connected with the revolt, &c., have been killed. Whether there are other bodies of insurrectionists still in arms, is undecided. Harper's Ferry is reported quiet. Captain Brown had rented a farm about four miles from that place, where the plot was concocted.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Later reports would seem to show that the whole proceeding was almost of an insane character. All the prisoners agreed in the following statement of Aaron Stevens, one of their number. The reporters found him a large and exceedingly athletic man; a perfect Sampson in appearance. He was in a small room filled with excited and armed men, who more than once threatened to shoot him, while he was groaning with pain, but answering with composure and apparent willingness every question. He said he was a native of Connecticut, but had lately lived in Kansas, where he knew Captain Brown. He had also served in the United States army. The sole object of the attempt, he said, was to give the negroes freedom, and Brown had represented that, as soon as they seized the armory, the negroes would flock to them by thousands, and would soon have force enough to accomplish their purpose—one for which he would sacrifice his life. But he thought Brown had been greatly deceived. He said preparations had been made for some months for the movement, but the whole force consisted of seventeen white men and five free negroes.

Brown himself said that no other parties were engaged in the movement. His two sons were with him—one was killed, and the other mortally wounded. His own wounds are not necessarily fatal.

In the pocket of one of the killed, was found a Captain's commission to Captain F. H. Leeman, *from the Provisional Government of the United States.* The commission was dated October 15, 1859, and signed by A. W. Brown, Commander-in-Chief of the Provisional Government of the United States!!

Several slaves were found in the room with the insurrectionists, but it is not believed they were there willingly. Indeed Brown's expectations as to the rushing to him were entirely disappointed. None seem to have come to him willingly, and in most cases they were forced to desert their masters.

A party of the insurgents, mostly negroes, headed by Captain Cook, left with a large wagon belonging to Colonel Washington, on the morning of the 18th. It was believed that the large wagon was used to convey away the Pay-Master's safe, containing $17,000 of Government funds, and also that it was filled with rifles, taken out to supply other bands in the mountains, who were to come down upon Harper's Ferry in overwhelming force. These suppositions both proved untrue, as neither money nor arms were disturbed. Nothing has been seen of the negroes yet. But they are supposed to be either in the mountains or on their way to Pennsylvania, through the range of mountains near Hagerstown.

The citizens imprisoned by the insurrectionists all testify to their lenient treatment. They were neither tied nor insulted, and beyond the outrage of restricting their liberty, were not ill-used.

SEIZURE OF ARMS.—During Tuesday morning, one of Col. Washington's negroes came in and reported that Captain Cook was in the mountain, only three miles off. The Independent Grays, of Baltimore, immediately started on a scouting expedition, and in two hours returned with two wagons loaded with arms and ammunition found at Capt. Brown's house.

The arms consisted of boxes filled with Sharp's rifles, pistols, etc., bearing the stamp of the Massachusetts Manufacturing Company, Chicopee, Massachusetts. There were found a quantity of U. S. ammunition, a large number of spears, sharp iron bowie knives fixed upon poles, a terrible looking weapon, intended for the use of the negroes, with spades, pick-axes, shovels, and everything that might be needed, thus proving that the expedition was well provided for—that a large party of men were expected to be armed, and that abundant means had been provided to meet all expenses.

How all these supplies were got up to this farm, without attracting observation, is strange. They are supposed to have been brought through Pennsylvania. The Grays pursued Cook so fast that they secured part of his arms, but with his more perfect knowledge of localities, he was enabled to evade them. On the arrival at the Ferry with their spoil, they were greeted with hearty cheers. The wagons were given into the custody of the Government.

The insurrectionists did not attempt to rob the paymaster's department at the armory. A large amount of money was there, but it was not disturbed.

It is said that the affair at Harper's Ferry is the first case of the kind which has ever occurred in this country, involving at the same time both State and Federal jurisdiction. While the State is affected as to slavery and locality, the general government is interested with regard to the public property, it having exclusive control over the arsenal grounds, independently of the State; also with regard to the mails.

Already, in distinguished quarters, the question of jurisdiction is discussed, as Governor Wise will, it is said, claim the prisoners now held by the U. S. troops, to be dealt with according to the laws of Virginia. In this case the question of jurisdiction will have to be determined by the judiciary.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 19.—Last evening a detachment of the marines, accompanied by some of the volunteers, made a visit to Capt. Brown's house. They found a large quantity of blankets, boots, shoes, clothes, tents, fifteen hundred pikes, with large blades affixed; and, also, discovered documents throwing much light on the affair. Among them are the printed constitutions and by-laws of the organization, and having or indicating a ramification of the Union; and they also found letters from various individuals at the North.—One from Fred. Douglass, containing $10 from a lady for the cause. Also, a letter from Gerritt Smith, about money matters, and a check or draft by him for $100, endorsed by the cashier of the New York Bank, whose name is not recollected. All these documents are in possession of Gov. Wise. The Governor has issued a proclamation, offering $1000 reward for the capture of Cook. A large number of armed men are now scouring the mountains in pursuit of him.

MADAME OMAR PACHA.—Among the distinguished arrivals by one of the recent steamers from Europe, is Madame Omar Pacha, wife of the celebrated Turkish commander, who won so many laurels in Silistria. We understand that she has come to reside in this country, at least for the present. Her history is somewhat remarkable. She is a native of Transylvania, and at 11 years of age was sent to school at Bucharest, where she developed a wonderful genius for music, and at 15 had become celebrated in private circles by the brilliancy of her performances. Omar Pacha was at that time Military Commander of Wallachia, and meeting the young lady at a *soiree*, was delighted, first with her music, and then with her manners and conversation—became devoted to her, and finally married her. Not sharing at this time the Turkish notions about women, instead of shutting up his wife at home, she was allowed to accompany him in his military expeditions, and composed several pieces of military music, which became favorites with the Turkish army during the campaign. After the war was over the Marshal yielded to more ambitious views, and conforming to the custom of his country, married the daughter of Hafiz Pacha with whom he had maintained political relations, and directed the young Transylvanian to enter his harem. This, with a good deal of indignation and spirit, she refused to do, but at once sought and procured a divorce from the Marshal, and some two years since repaired to Paris, where she has since resided. She has lived entirely in private, but has published several very popular pieces of music, and has become known in the musical circles of the metropolis.

THE SUNDAY CARRIAGE CASES IN PITTSBURG.—*Important Decision of the Mayor.*—The cases in which Judge Lowrie's and Esq. Logan's carriage drivers were held to answer for a violation of the Sunday laws of the Commonwealth, came again before his Honor Mayor Weaver, Wednesday afternoon, for a final decision. His Honor briefly recapitulated the facts in the case, about which there is no dispute. It was admitted that the defendants drove the carriages as usual, in pursuance of their worldly employment. The prosecution was based on the act of 1794, which has been so often quoted that its provisions are familiar to our readers. It expressly forbids the pursuit of all worldly employment on the Lord's day, commonly called Sunday. A later act was quoted by the Mayor, by which the penalty for a violation of the act was increased from $4 to $25.

The Despatch hears it intimated that neither of the defendants will take an appeal from the Mayor's decision, but pay the penalty.

THE accounts from France, Belgium, and Austria, are less favorable for the grain crops, and prices there are slightly higher in consequence.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868		
" " '62	104	—
" " '67	103	—
" " '68	102	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102½	
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	100
" " new	104	—
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	—	55
All'ny City 6 pr ct	65	72
" "	—	—
R R issue	42½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93	93½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	76	80
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	93½	—
Ohio " 1886	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	97½	97
N Y City, 977-8	114	118
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	137	—
Philadelphia	118	120
Far & Mec	38	—
Commercial	49	50
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	47½	47½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35	36
Kensington	64	65
Girard	48½	49
Western	—	60
Man & Mec	27½	—
Commerce	—	30
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	44	—
Consolidation	—	25
Commonwealth	24½	—
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	18
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	54	—
Exchange "	44	—
Kentucky, Ky	119	—
Northern "	—	—
Louisville "	115	118
Farmers "	130	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	104	105
Planters "	113½	—
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank,		
Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas		
Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'ce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	28
Southwark and		
Frankford R R	—	60
Bonds	—	90

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	—	101½
2nd "	—	97
stock	57½	58½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	99
stock	122	125
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	72
mort 6's '44	89	—
" '60	93½	70
stock	19½	20½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	90	91
stock	40½	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	95	—
Ches Val R R, '75	95½	—
Tioga R R, '75	—	93
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	47	48½
2nd "	—	15
stock	½	1
Catawissa	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	56½	57½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	8½
6 pr ct loan	62	63½
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	48½	49½
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	—	56
Har & Lan R R stock	54	55
bonds '88	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	18
Long Island R R stock	10½	10½
bonds	82	85
Erie R R stock	74	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	72½	—
Michigan Central	67½	68½
Illinois "	64	—
Michigan Southern	74	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62	70	71
imp. 6 pr ct	78	80
stock	6	8
preferred	15½	16½
Lehigh Nav stock	50	50½
mort 6 pr ct	99	—
scrip	25½	26
Morris Consol'd	—	50
preferred	16½	16½
Coss & Del	40	—
bonds	77½	—
Union "	1	—
bonds	29	31
Sus & Tidewater	3½	4
bonds, 1878	—	34

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Oct. 15, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
DELAWARE.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
MARYLAND.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Baltimore	¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	OHIO.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
VERMONT.		State bank	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Old bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	WISCONSIN.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TEXAS.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis	CANADA.	
		Solv bks	1 dis

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market for Flour has been steady and firm, but very inactive during the past week, the inquiry both for shipment and home use being of a very limited character, and the sales comprise only about 5000 bbls, taken in lots for shipment, at $5(@5,12½ for mixed and good straight superfine, $5,25(@5,37½ for extra, and $5,50@5,75 for family Flour, closing with more sellers than buyers at these figures. The trade have been buying moderately at the above rates for superfine and extras, and $6(@6,75 ₱ bbl for fancy lots, as to quality. Rye Flour continues very scarce, and fresh ground is freely taken at $4,12½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also badly wanted at $3,75 for Penna Meal, but there is little or none here. Sales of 400 bbls Brandywine are reported, on terms kept private, and 100 bags at $1,75 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue moderate. Sales reached about 30,000 bus in lots, mostly good and prime Penna and Southern reds at $1,23@1,25, including some lots priced within a few days at the latter rate, and common to good white at $1,30@1,36. Rye is scarce and in request at a further slight advance, and about 5000 bus have been sold at 87@88c for Delaware, 90c for Penna, and 92@94c for Northern. Corn is also rather better; the market at the close, however, is dull and unsettled. About 25,000 bus sold at 93@95c for fair to prime yellow in store and afloat, mostly at our highest figures, including white at 92@94c. Oats are better, and some 20,000 bus chiefly Southern found buyers at 42@44c, afloat. Barley and Malt are firmer, the former selling to some extent at 85c, and the latter at 85@90c, as to quality.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product generally has an upward tendency, with reduced stocks to operate in, and Mess Pork is selling as wanted, at $16½ ₱ bbl. City Mess Beef is steady at $15 ₱ bbl. Of Bacon, the sales have been moderate, at 8½@8¾c for Shoulders, and 10½@10¾c for Sides. Hams are very scarce, and worth 12½@13¼c. Green Meats are also scarce, with further sales of Shoulders, in salt, at 8¼c; Sides are worth 9½@9¾c, and Hams 9½@9¾c ₱ lb. Lard is better, and barrels and tierces are selling in a small way at 11¾c; kegs are worth 12c. Butter is moving off rather more freely; we quote packed at 11@12c, and roll at 16@17c, which latter is an advance. Cheese is also firmer, and sales moderate at 9½@10¼c ₱ lb. Eggs are steady at 16@17c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been weak and prices irregular during the past week, with sales of about 1000 bales to note at 10½@12¼c for Uplands, and 11@13¼c for Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK—Quercitron is wanted at $28 for 1st No. 1, and about 80 hhds, all offered, have been at this figure. Of Tanners' Bark, further sales of Chestnut Oak are reported at $11 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX is dull and lower, and good yellow is quoted at 34c ₱ lb.

COAL—The demand is rather better, especially for the small sizes, which are comparatively scarce, but there is no change in prices.

COFFEE—There is no change in prices, and some 6000@7000 bags Rio have been disposed of, in lots, at 10½@12¼c, including an entire cargo, within the range of 10½@12c.

COPPER is dull, and prices rule about the same. Of yellow metal, further sales are reported at 29c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS come in slowly, and some further small sales of Western are reported at 48@50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—We note further sales of Green Apples at $1,50@3, and Cranberries at $10@12 ₱ bbl. Dried fruit is beginning to come in, but as yet there is very little doing. We quote Apples at 5@6c, unpared Peaches 7@9c, and pared do at 12@15c ₱ lb, as to quality.

HEMP—We hear of no sales to alter quotations, and the market continues at a stand.

HIDES are dull and unsettled, and buyers are holding off for lower prices.

HOPS are moving off, as wanted, at 15@16c for new Eastern and Western. Some prime old crop brought 12c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market is firm, with a reduced stock of Pig Metal on sale, and we are only advised of sales of some 700 tons anthracite, in lots, at $23½ for No 1 and $22½ for No 2, on time. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig, and no stock here. Blooms are also quiet. A sale of wire Billets was made at $85, and No 1 Boiler Iron sold to some extent at 4½c, on time.

LEAD—There is no new feature in the market, and we hear of no further sales this week.

LEATHER—The market generally is dull. Good Spanish Sole is wanted, but other kinds are not inquired for, and prices are nearly nominal.

LUMBER—There is very little doing in the way of sales, and the only transaction we hear of is 200,000 feet white pine shipping Boards at $14. Yellow Sap Boards sell slowly at $14@15 ₱ M. Laths are arriving more freely, and sales are reported at $1,70@1,75.

MOLASSES is quiet. The stock is light. We hear of no sales of any moment.

PLASTER has been dull, and we quote soft at $2,62@2,75 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—New Cloverseed is coming in more freely and meets with a steady demand, sales ranging at $5,50@5,75, mostly at $5,50@5,62½ ₱ bus, including some prime Ohio at the former rate. Timothy is not much inquired for, and selling in a small way at $2,37½@2,62½ ₱ bus. Of domestic Flaxseed sales are making at $1,55@1,60 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Holders of Brandy are firm in their views, but the demand continues limited. Gins are unchanged. N E Rum is steady at 36@38c. Whiskey is better; drudge selling at 26½c; hhds 27½c; Penna hhls 27½@28c, and Ohio at 28½@29c.

SUGAR—The market opened firmer and more active, and about 1200 hhds, mostly Cuba, were disposed of at from 6 to 7¼c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is unchanged, and city rendered is quoted at 10½@11c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market is quiet, but without any change to note in Leaf or Manufactured, the former, however, is dull.

WOOL—There has been rather more arriving and selling this week, but the market is dull for the season and the stock light, the sales being confined to Fleece in lots within the range of quotations.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1100 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—33 head I Abrahams, 8½@9; 158 McQuaid & Carr, 7@8½; 30 D Eckman, Ohio, 4; 53 Kennedy & McCleee, Chester co, 7@8½; 166 Mooney & Smith, 7½@9; 31 J Martin, Del co, 7@9½; 53 Ulman & Co, Ohio, 7@8; 18 Murphy & Co, do, 7½@8½; 13 S Rhoads, 4½; 16 M Anderson, 7½@8½; 30 A Christy, Va, do, 4@4½; 40 W Fuller, Ills, do, 4. Sheep—5000 head at market, and selling at 7½ to 8¼c ₱ lb, according to quality. Cows—50 head at market, and selling from $20 to 50, according to quality.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—31 head L Haines, Chester co, 8@9; 32 W Alexander, do, 8@9½; 30 Scott & Kimble, do, 8@9½; 19 W Forrest, do 4@8½; 22 Cochran & McCall, do, 8; 25 P Hathaway, 8½@9½; 31 J McFillin, do, 8@8½; 70 A Myers & Co, 8@8½; 28 J Menab, do, 4@8½; 18 B Hood, do, 8½@9; 80 B Seldomridge, do, 8@9½; 32 C Zumlin, Del co, 8½.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 1700 head were at market, and sold at $7 to 8,00 ₱ 100 lbs, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Oct. 15.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour advanced 5@10c, with sales of 14,000 bbls at $4,50@4.65 for State, and $5,50@5,65 for Ohio. Wheat dull and nominally unchanged. Corn buoyant; sales unimportant. Pork heavy at $15,12½ for Mess, and $10,62½ for Prime, the market closed quiet. Whiskey is held at 27½c.

THE GREAT EASTERN STEAMSHIP.—See SCHONBERG & Co.'s advertisement in this paper.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Morton, WILLIAM H. FORMAN, of New York, to LOUISE, daughter of Louis A. Godey.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. G. MAXWELL, HORACE B. VAUGHAN, to MARY L. KEMBLE. Ohio papers please copy.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, JOHN GLENN, Esq. of Baltimore, Md. to ANNA C. daughter of the late John C. Smith, of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. J. R. Taylor, JOHN P. ANDRUZE, formerly of Moundsville, Va, to LOUISA M. daughter of John Miller, of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Ripley, THOMAS B. HAYNEY, to Miss MARY E. CHURN, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. JOHN MARTYN, of London, England, to Mrs. MARGARET DOUGLASS, of Norfolk, Virginia, formerly of Charleston, South Carolina.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM C. PEYERS, to Miss MARY E. STOWMAN.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. JAMES FANNON, to Miss ANNIE R. DOWNER, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. W. Craycraft, Mr. ANDREW LONG, to Miss MARGARET J. REILY, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. HERBERT W. MONSE, to Miss NELLIE HUEY, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. D. W. Bartine, Mr. GEORGE E. ESSIG, to Miss SALLIE E. MIDDLETON, daughter of Wm H. Middleton, Esq. both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. W. Catheart, Mr. HENRY RICE, to Mrs. MARGARET V. GILLESPIE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, CHARLES ROBINSON, aged 33 years.

On the 11th instant, CHARLES G. HARRIS, aged 25 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. MARY R. TIERN, aged 48 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY K. BROWN, aged 74 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ANN, wife of Thomas W. Mansfield.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. EVE M. DORNEY, aged 59 years.

On the 10th instant, Mr. HENRY R. OVERBECK, aged 40 years.

On the 10th instant, Ald. ROBERT C. TITTERMARY, aged 56 years.

In the city of New York, on the 9th instant, MARY G. ATKINSON, aged 28 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Owen J. Stockton.

On the 9th instant, Mr. TYLER ENGLISH, aged 45 years.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM CHASE, aged 39.

On the 29th ultimo, Miss MARTHA CHASE, aged 71 years.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1860.—PLEASE TO READ THIS. AGENTS WANTED.—All persons in want of employment will at once receive our Catalogue of Books for the New Year, pre-paid, by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our LARGE TYPE QUARTO PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, WITH ABOUT 1,000 ENGRAVINGS. Our Books are sold only by Canvassers, and well known to be the most saleable.

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Wit and Humor.

NEW YORK HOUSEKEEPING.

Here is a specimen of a dialogue which occurred one day last week at an intelligence office in Sixth Avenue:

Lady—Your name is Margaret, I believe. Do you understand plain cooking?

Cook—Yes'm, should think I did; that's my business, mem.

Lady—Well, I like your appearance, and should be glad to engage you.

Cook—Whereabouts do you live, mem?

Lady—In Thirteenth street.

Cook—Dear me, that's a good ways up town—don't like to go so far up. Many in the family?

Lady—Only myself, husband, and two children.

Cook—Other servants, of course. How many?

Lady—Only the chambermaid—a very pleasant girl—a countrywoman of yours, and a woman who comes to wash every Monday.

Cook—Have to do anything besides cook?

Lady—Perhaps go to the door occasionally, and assist in cleaning house on Saturday.

Cook (with dignity)—Couldn't do it—tain't my business, mem, to clean house and tend the door. I'm a cook.

Lady (deprecatingly)—Well, I suppose, I might arrange that. How much do you want a month to do nothing but plain cooking?

Cook (following up her advantage)—I must have one evening out every week, mem,—Thursday evening.

Lady—(hesitatingly)—Yes.

Cook—Have hot and cold water?

Lady—Yes, and a range.

Cook—English basement house?

Lady (smiling)—Yes, and a high stoop.

Cook—You don't make a practice of coming into the kitchen, I hope; I never allows a lady to interfere in the kitchen—their place is the parlor.

Lady—(with some resolution)—I must retain the privilege of going into my own kitchen.

Cook—Oh, of course you can come in to give directions about the dinner, or such like—I shouldn't mind that. Husband late to dinner often?

Lady—Sometimes, I'm afraid.

Cook—Oh, that's too bad. Do you have much company?

Lady—Not a great deal.

Cook—Well, I'll come for nine dollars a month.

Lady—That's a high price (hesitatingly)—You have recommendations, I presume.

Cook (handing out a crumpled paper)—that's my carackter; but I suppose I've as good a right to ask for your'n. How am I to know where I'm a going?

Lady (not noticing the last remark)—Why did you leave your last place?

Cook—You see, mem, I was too good looking; when I opened the front door folks took me for the missus.

Lady (thoughtfully)—Well, I suppose I must, yes, I will try you at any rate.

Cook—Oh, you needn't if you don't want to, mem. They's plenty of places, and (ironically) I suppose you can get somebody else to suit you.

Lady—Will you come, Margaret?

Cook (hesitatingly)—Yes; I'll try you, at any rate.

It is highly probable that in the course of a week or two that lady will again be in search of a cook.

Poor Places to Live At.—There is a place in Maine so rocky that when the Down Easters plant corn, they look for crevices in the rocks, and shoot the grass in with a musket; they can't raise ducks there no how, for the stones are so thick that the ducks can't get their bills between them to pick up the grasshoppers, and the only way that the sheep can get at the sprigs of grass is by grinding their noses on a grindstone.

But that ain't a circumstance to a place on the Eastern shore; there the land is so poor that it takes two kildees to say "kildes;" and on a clear day you can see the grasshoppers climb up a mullen stalk, and look with tears in their eyes over a fifty acre field; and the bumble bees have to go down on their knees to get at the grass; all the mosquitoes die of starvation, and the turkey buzzards have to emigrate.

But there is a county in Virginia which can beat that—there the land is so sterile that when the wind is at the northwest, they have to tie the children to keep them from being blown away; there it takes six frogs to see a man, and when the dogs bark they have to lean against the fence; the horses are so thin that it takes twelve of them to make a shadow, and when they kill a beef they have to hold him up to knock him down!

But, oh!—there is a region in Jersey, saith Moss Draper, where they held a two week's jubilee in the churches, because it was announced that a fresh blade of grass had sprouted in the southern part of the county. There the natives once murdered a traveller for the sake of half a gingerbread cake, which he was rumored to have in his pocket, and there, too, they turned a man "out of meeting," because, after a visit to Philadelphia, he reported that while in that city he had had at one time as much as he could eat.

Who Began It?—A dog was accidentally present during Divine service in a Scotch kirk, where the worthy minister was in the habit of speaking very loud in the sermon, and, in fact, when he got warmed with his subject, of shouting almost to the top of his voice. The dog—who, in the early part, had been very quiet—became quite excited, as is not uncommon with some dogs when hearing a noise; and from whining and whining, as the speaker's voice rose loud and strong, at last began to bark and howl. The minister, naturally much annoyed at the interruption, called upon the sexton to put out the dog; and he at once expressed his readiness to obey the order, but could not resist the temptation to look up to the pulpit, and to say very significantly, "Ay, ay, sir; but indeed it was yoursel' began it."—*Dean Ramsay.*

Parenthetical Preaching.—An officer of a volunteer corps on duty in the place, and very proud of his fresh uniform, had come to Mr. Shirra's church, and walked about as if looking for a seat, but in fact to show off his dress, which he saw was attracting attention from some of the less grave members of the congregation. He came to his place, however, rather quickly, on Mr. Shirra quietly remonstrating, "Oh, man, will ye sit down, and we'll see your new breeks when the kirk's dune." This same Mr. Shirra was well known from the quaint, and, as it were, parenthetical comments which he introduced in his reading of Scripture, as, for example, on reading from the 116th Psalm, "I said in my haste all men are liars," he quietly observed, "Indeed, Dauvid, an' ye had been i' this parish ye might hae said it at your leisure."—*Reminiscences of Scotch Life. By Dean Ramsay.*

Agricultural.

IN-AND-IN BREEDING.

FROM THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.

A new spirit seems to have taken some of the farmers and stock-breeders of the South, within the past year, by surprise, and not a few have carried this vexed question almost beyond a doubt, and they boldly assert that in-and-in breeding, and no other, will do for stock-breeders in future, either in this country or any other.

After the valuable dissertation on "Hereditary Blood in Man and other Mammalia," which has appeared in the columns of the Cultivator, many seem to consider the matter of in-and-in breeding as permanently fixed, and that they have at last found the great desideratum so long wanting to complete success in stock-breeding. Dr. Lee took the matter up with a skillful hand, and none will say that he did not handle his subject in a masterly manner. He left no stone unturned which would help to throw light upon the subject.

But here a question arises among the mass of stock-breeders, will in-and-in breeding always ensure success, and give the desired end at all times, and under all circumstances? or will the majority of the cases result beneficially? Let us see! It took many years of close study and constant care to establish the foundation of the present Devon Stock. They were formerly of small size and very inferior milkers—many unsuccessful attempts were made to improve them. The in-and-in breeders dare not leave the Devon stock for improvement, and those who were most venturesome lacked the knowledge of the requisite qualities wanted to make the Devon a finer animal. We undoubtedly owe the present improvement to Mr. Bloomfield, the manager of Lord Leicester's estate at Holkham. He made a great improvement in the size and milking qualities of this valuable breed, without materially improving the beauty and form of the animal. He really deserves the great credit and honor which he has received. But how did he accomplish this result? He took a finely formed, good sized deep colored *Durham* bull and ingrafted him with some large and superior heifers (of the Devon breed) that their after progeny might partake of the bull which first served them, a case by no means uncommon with cattle, one very perceivable in horses, and to some extent among sheep and swine, and not an uncommon occurrence with the human family. I will not stop here to note this subject, but if the reader will refer to one of the back numbers of the Cultivator, he will find an article to that effect from myself. But let me get back again to my subject. Mr. Bloomfield, then, with the after progeny of these Devon heifers which had been served, he bred them to large and finely formed Devons which were little or no relation to each other. By this means he produced the finely formed Devons of the present day; and for us to keep this stock at its proper standard, it is necessary for stock-breeders to breed in-and-in, but how close the relationship may exist and not deteriorate the herd, is a question which remains to be proved, and only experience will do that.

As with cattle, so with sheep. Let us take the Bakewell or Loicester, a breed of sheep which have been kept in a certain state of perfection for nearly a century. They were originally the produce of a full-sized Romney-Marah ewe and a Cheviot—the first a coarse, ungainly animal of slow growth and of very little real value; the other a finely formed but very small animal, quick to grow, and having medium quality wool, from four to seven inches long. By breeding the progeny of these sheep to some of the finest sheep then found in England, Mr. Bakewell has produced the far-famed and justly celebrated animals so well known throughout England and this country at the present day. It is true that he must have practiced the in-and-in system—the parent upon the progeny—for several successive generations, which had a tendency to impress effectually the desired characteristics of the race, and it is certain that even Mr. Bakewell carried the refining system to such an extent as to partially destroy the procreative powers. And he was subsequently obliged to introduce new animals to re-invigorate and continue his flock, showing by his own experiments that by carrying the in-and-in system too far, it would ultimately destroy the improvements he had already made in his flock.

But with this is there not another consideration? Did not his nice discrimination of the character and qualities of sheep, his choice selections, his pampered feeding and judicious management, all have their bearing upon bringing this breed to a state of perfection? We should emphatically say, Yes!

The breeding from too close affinities, though it may have many advantages, to a certain extent, in the hands of skillful breeders; though it may be pursued until the excellent form and quality of a breed is developed and established, and was the source whence sprung the superior cattle and sheep of Mr. Bakewell, and, to some extent, the Short Horns of Mr. Colling; yet, to it, also, must be traced the speedy degeneracy—the absolute disappearance of the new Leicester cattle, and in the hands of many agriculturists, the impairment of the constitution of the new Leicester or Bakewell sheep.

NEW USE FOR THE MICROSCOPE—INTERESTING TO YOUNG MEN.

Scientifically Inclined Parent.—What are you about with my microscope, George?

George.—I've just been shaving, father; and I want to see if there are any hairs in the lather yet!

Mr. Bakewell was a master spirit in breeding, and, it cannot be denied, produced a breed of cattle worthy the efforts of such a skillful agriculturalist. The principle on which he seemed to act, was novel, bold, and, for a time, a successful one. Some of his cattle were extraordinary illustrations of the harmlessness of such a system (in-and-in); but he had a large stock on which to work; a veil of mystery was thrown over the most of his proceedings, and no one knew his occasional deviations from this rule, nor his skillful interposition of remoter affinities when he saw or apprehended danger.

But what has now become of the new Leicester or Bakewell cattle? Where are they to be found? It was a bold and successful experiment and seemed, for awhile, to answer the most sanguine expectations of that skillful and spirited breeder.

In districts in which experiments were carried on, it established a breed of cattle unequalled by few, and it enabled the long horns to contend, and often successfully, with the heaviest and best of the middle horns. But no sooner had the master spirits of the day disappeared than the character of the breed began, imperceptibly, to decline. It had acquired a delicacy of constitution inconsistent with the common management and keep, and it began slowly and undeniably to deteriorate. Many of them had been bred to a degree of refinement that the propagation of the species was not always certain. The breed itself gradually diminished, in some places it almost disappeared. The reader may scarcely give credit to the assertion, but it is strictly true, that in 1833, there was not a single improved Leicester on the Dishly farm: nor a dozen within a circuit of as many miles. It would seem as if some strange convulsion of nature, or some murderous pestilence had suddenly swept away the whole of this valuable breed.

Thus we can see, that while this same man was eminently successful on one hand, he was as certainly unsuccessful on the other.

Mr. Bakewell's breed of sheep has handed down to us in exactly the same degree of perfection as when he left them, and during the century since he left them. This race must have been bred in-and-in, although the relationship existing between the dam and sire, may have been tens of generations apart; and where such genealogy exists between any two animals which may be used for breeding purposes, can we, with strict propriety, call the results "in-and-in breeding!" I should say not.

Although some of the most decided improvements have been made by following the system of in-and-in breeding, yet it has only been done by the most judicious selections, and the exercise of cautious judgment, while in the hands of the ordinary breeder it is sure to run out a stock, degenerating them rapidly, rendering the males impotent, in many cases, and the females of little value as nurses or breeders.

Experience seems to have proved that crosses of the same variety of animals, but of another family, have made the best animals; and such a course is to be preferred to the breeding in-and-in. In some cases, where there is a marked superiority in any race of animals which it is wished to retain, a cross with a race less perfect in some respects, perhaps, but more vigorous, making, what breeders call a strong cross, and then breeding directly back to the favorite blood, has been very successful. But when the progeny are designed for breeders, the practice of in-and-in breeding should be branded with unqualified reprehension. D——

Edgefield District S. C., June, 1859.

The Effect of Charcoal on Flowers.—About a year ago I made a bargain for a rose-bush of magnificent growth and full of buds. I waited for them to blow, and expected roses worthy of such a noble plant, and of the praises bestowed upon it by the vendor. At length, when it bloomed, all my hopes were blasted. The flowers were of a faded color, and I discovered that I had only a middling *multiflora*, stale-colored enough. I therefore resolved to sacrifice it to some experiments which I had in view. My attention had been captivated with the effects of charcoal, as stated in some English publications. I then covered the earth in the pot in which my rose-bush was about half an inch deep with pulverised charcoal. Some days after I was astonished to see the roses, which bloomed, of as fine a lively rose color as I could wish. I determined to repeat the experiment; and, therefore, when the rose-bush had done flowering, I took off the charcoal, and put fresh earth about the pots. You may conceive that I waited for the next spring impatiently to see the result of this experiment. When it bloomed the roses were, as at first, pale and discolored; but by applying the charcoal as before the roses soon resumed their rosy red color. I tried the powdered charcoal likewise in large quantities upon my petunias, and found that both the white and the violet flowers were equally sensible to its action. It always gave great vigor to the red or violet colors of the flowers, and the white petunias became veined with red or violet tints; the violets became covered with irregular spots of a blueish or almost black tint. Many persons who admired them thought that they were new varieties from the seed. Yellow flowers are, as I have proved, insensible to the influence of the charcoal.—*Paris Horticultural Review.*

Keeping Sweet Potatoes.—A writer of the Oskaloosa Herald gives his method of preserving the sweet potato through the winter. His way is as follows:—"I use dry sand to put them up in—it don't matter how the sand is dried, in a kiln, in a log heap, or in the sun, so it is dry, that is all that is required. I prefer drying in a log heap, as it costs at least four times less, and is just as good. And a family that has a little room with a stove in it, may keep a box or two of eight or ten bushels, without much inconvenience. The boxes must be raised six or eight inches from the floor, and they must not be nearer than four inches to the wall. Fill the box with potatoes, and then put in sand, cover the potatoes with sand. There is a good deal said about kiln-dried sand, but is all fudge. I have also known them kept well in buckwheat chaff. In order to keep potatoes with success, there must be a thermometer kept in the room. The mercury must not sink below forty degrees; if it does, the potatoes will chill and rot; it also must not rise above sixty degrees, or they will grow. I have never lost any of my potatoes only by letting the room get too cold. A thermometer only costs a dollar, and every man ought to have one."

Effect of Artificial Light on Vegetation.—A correspondent of the Manchester (England) Guardian says:—"Twenty years ago I read in Humboldt's works about some experiments he had made with artificial light on vegetation. He planted some peas in a box, and placed it in a dark room, and when grown up they were of a yellow color. He also placed some in a room where daylight was entirely excluded, and suspended a lamp so that the rays of light from it would fall upon them; they grew up as green as though they had been exposed to sunlight. This year I have tried experiments on the same subject. I planted vegetables in a place where daylight could not penetrate, over which I suspended a paraffin oil lamp, with a reflector to throw the light upon the plants. They have grown up a beautiful dark green. I have also lighted a greenhouse with lamps every night, and find it not only increases vegetation, but gives a beautiful deep tinge to the plants."

Guano.—A bushel of guano mingled with an ox-cart load of good, moist muck would form a valuable manure. It depends upon circumstances whether it would be wise for you to use it. If you have exhausted your manure heaps, and have land at a distance from your building that you are quite desirous of bringing up, we have no doubt your crop would be sufficiently benefitted by the muck and guano to pay the cost of application. The great advantage, however, to be gained in the use of guano is to cover the land, if possible, with a crop of grass, and thus fill the starved soil with grass roots which supply it anew with vegetable matter. You then have a basis to proceed upon in getting future crops.—*W. E. Farmer.*

Method.—We mean to repeat a thousand times, or at least till what we say has some effect upon our countrymen, that a pound of lean, tender, juicy mutton can be produced for half the cost of the same quantity of fat pork; that it is infinitely healthier food, especially in the summer season, and those who eat it become more muscular, and can do more work with greater ease to themselves than those who eat fat pork. We know nothing more delicious than smoked mutton-hams, of the South Down breeds of sheep. Venison itself is not superior.—*American Agriculturalist.*

Ripening Pears.—At a meeting of the London Horticultural Society held in February, H. O. Carre, Esq., of Val Nord, Guernsey, furnished the results of experiments he had made for improving the flavor of pears in the process of ripening under glass by extra heat and light.

"He placed on a broad shelf in the warmest part of a green-house, near the glass at top, various kinds of pears, as soon as they were gathered from the trees out of doors; and likewise some near the front sashes; the fruit was thus exposed to heat and sunlight, and the improvement in flavor, as regards some varieties, was most remarkable: the following kinds were more especially improved—Louise Bonne, of Jersey, Beurre d'Amalis, Eyewood, Glout Morceau, Winter Nelis, and Gansel's Bergamot.

The Louise Bonne was growing in a shaded situation, and the fruit in consequence was pale and comparatively watery in quality, but placed as above it became of excellent flavor, although a little shrivelled from the loss of superabundant watery juice. The Winter Nelis, Mr. C. stated, was improved to a very great degree.

He intends to prosecute his experiments; and from his success last season, he is led to believe that in many parts of England, where pears do not ripen well, they may be rendered much more melting and sugary by adopting the plan of exposing them to light and heat, when gathered, than if kept in the ordinary way. The committee were of opinion that, as the subject was of great importance, Mr. Carre's plan should be made known and recommended for trial in this country."

The California Vinegar Plant.—Dr. E. J. Coxe has favored us with a bottle of a beverage tasting like spruce beer, made from a plant handed him by a lady from Texas, and originally from California, where it is known as the "vinegar plant." By mixing a certain quantity of water and molasses or golden syrup with a small portion of the plant, in a bottle, well corked, in a few hours, the beverage above mentioned is produced. Allowed to sour, it becomes good vinegar. Its strangest quality, however, is that it feeds on the syrup and water, and grows with such rapidity as to furnish an inexhaustible supply. Dr. Coxe informs us that from the small portion of the plant handed him only a few weeks ago, thousands of bottles of agreeable beverage have been made, and used in many families, and still the plant grows on its simple food in such quantity as to furnish all who wish for it. Dr. Coxe says it is harmless and possesses no intoxicating qualities. We tasted the beverage last night; and if not otherwise informed, would have thought we were sipping the ordinary spruce beer, familiar to every one.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Useful Receipts.

Bread Without Yeast, Saleratus, &c.—A writer in the Mass. Ploughman tells how to make healthy bread of flour and water and a little salt, and no yeast, saleratus, cream of tartar, or any such vile soap making stuff. She says: "Take as much milk-warm water as you will want to make your batch of bread, and salt it about twice as salt as you would if you were going to mix the same quantity into saleratus bread. Stir in flour enough to make a paste about as thick as griddle-cake dough. Put this paste into a tin pail and set the pail into a pot of warm water on the stone hearth where the water in the pot will keep about milk-warm all the time. This will give the paste an even temperature.

"In four or five hours the paste will rise and foam like yeast. Then turn it into your mixing pan and mix in flour enough to make your dough for bread, and mould it into your pans ready for baking. Set the pans in a warm place, under or about the stove, and cover them over with a clean cloth or paper and let it rise, which will take about two hours, and as soon as it is fairly raised put it into a hot oven and bake it quick and thoroughly.

"You will have the lightest, whitest, and sweetest bread that can be made, and bread that is healthy and will retain the natural taste of a handful of wheat when chewed in your mouth, and is not spoiled by saleratus, cream of tartar, yeast powder, and such like drugs

"If you do not put the salt into the water you will fail to get a good rise about nine times out of ten, but follow the directions and you will seldom fail.

"If people would eat this kind of bread, we should not hear so much complaint of sour stomach, headache and dyspepsia.

To Stop Bleeding.—C. C. Lyon, a dentist of Maspeth, L. I., writes to the Scientific American, as follows: "Observing recently a case of death caused by hemorrhage from the extraction of a tooth, the following should be universally known as an infallible remedy: Make plaster of Paris into the consistence of soft putty, and fill the cavity. It will soon become a solid plug."

How to Keep Milk.—I never argue this question with man or woman, if they do not know that milk can be kept with all the cream in it, as it is when first drawn from the cows; but I will tell you how it is done. You all know that if you can prevent the cream from rising, the milk will be more palatable and healthy, with the particles of cream mixed through it, than skim milk, or than milk fresh from the cow, with the fresh taste and odor. To prepare milk in this way, take it while warm from the cow, set it in a cool place, and stir it continually until all the animal heat is out, and no cream will rise after that operation. Try it, and see how much it will be improved for family use.—*A. B. Dickinson, in Country Gentleman.*

Recipes for Lemon Pies.—One large, fresh lemon, grated fine—the pulp rinced in half a tumbler of water—yolks of 4 eggs, beaten thoroughly—6 tablespoonfuls of sugar—1 tablespoonful of flour, stirred with the eggs—2 tablespoonfuls melted butter, all well beaten together—one crust. Bake until done. Then take the whites of 4 eggs, with 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, well beaten—spread smoothly on pie—return to the oven until slightly browned. Or, one lemon, one teacup of sugar, one teacup of sweet cream well stirred. Bake with two crusts. Please try them.—*Country Gent.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 16, 27, 24, 21, 17, 7, is a county of Kentucky.

My 25, 12, 19, 17, is a county in Ohio.

My 18, 17, 5, 29, is a river in the Eastern States.

My 14, 25, 17, 12, is an island on the coast of the Eastern States.

My 15, 6, 1, 26, 17, is an island in the Caribbean Sea.

My 29, 8, 17, is a river in Belgium.

My 5, 2, 28, is a river in France.

My 27, 24, 7, 3, 22, is an island of Oceanica.

My 5, 27, 7, is a river of Switzerland.

My 27, 21, 21, 25, 24, is a lake in Austria.

My 10, 9, 16, 17, is a town in Italy.

My 20, 23, 13, is an island in the Grecian Archipelago.

My whole was an important event in the history of Ireland. F. D. S. & W. H. H.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters?

My 8, 27, 21, 20, 4, 10, 27, is the most renowned watering-place in the United States.

My 1, 19, 20, 16, 22, 11, 27, is the greatest curiosity in the world.

My 16, 2, 16, 16, 23, 12, was one of the candidates for gubernatorial honors in the last Virginia campaign.

My 1, 22, 9, 5, 20, 19, was a prophet.

My 6, 14, 12, 17, is often the cause of much sorrow.

My 8, 6, 10, 20, 11, 14, 1, 16, is a disgusting practice.

My 24, 27, 18, 28, was the exclamation of the crew of the "Pinta" on discovering America.

My 25, 17, 13, 16, 15, is a name given to streams of water.

My 6, 7, 8, 4, was one of the greatest artists that ever lived.

My whole is a flourishing railroad in Virginia.

Clarksburg, Va. N. G.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first—oh, how shall I express
What language ne'er explains!
Ah, no, let Annie's eyes confess
Where its warm influence reigns.

My second in a leathern case,
And fraught with thoughts of love,
Flies hither and thither to many a place—
Lord Cupid's carrier dove.

My whole the softest language speaks
That fancy can impart,
And paints with blushes Annie's cheeks,
And triumphs o'er her heart.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a consonant;
My second is an exclamation of surprise;
My third is an article of beverage;
My whole is a river in France.

Cumberland Valley, Pa. A. SMITH

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first dwells in the mountain cavern,
Goes forth on the ocean's wave,
Is known in every land and nation,
And found in the savage's grave.

My next go forth to meet each other,
In formidable array,
And call upon the "God of Battles,"
To make them strong to slay.

My whole is a word you hear quite often
In the sanctuary used;
It hath a very goodly meaning,
But I fear 'tis oft abused.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wishing to measure a tract of land which lay in the shape of a scalene triangle, I commenced at the first or eastern angle, and measured the shortest side, and found its length to be 100 perches; I then measured from the second or southern angle to the third or western angle, and found the second side to be 156 perches in length: but, when I came to the third or western angle, I found that I could not measure the whole length of the third or longest side, on account of a deep swamp in the line, and near the third or western angle; therefore I returned to the second or southern angle, and, starting from it at right angles with the first or shortest side, ran direct to a chestnut tree that stood on the third side; but, there being a great many weeds and briars in this line, I did not measure it. I then went back to the southern corner, and struck off from it, at right angles with the second side, to a large maple standing on the third side, not measuring the distance because of obstacles in the way, but when I arrived at the maple I measured that part of the third side between the maple and chestnut, and found the distance to be 70 perches. Now who can from these data tell me the area of this triangular tract of land?

Scrubble Hill, Pa. GEOMETRICUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a watch dog often larger at night than in the morning? Ans.—Because he is often let out at night and taken in in the morning.

☞ In what ship, and in what capacity, do young ladies like to engage? Ans.—In court-ship as marry-ners.

☞ How may a man always become four-handed? Ans.—By doubling his two fists.

☞ Why is a miser like seasoned timber? Ans.—Because he never gives.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—Now learn a parable of the fig tree: when his branch is yet tender and puteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh. So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors. RIDDLE—Wood. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—18, 20, 24 and 30. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—The fraction is 4-5ths.